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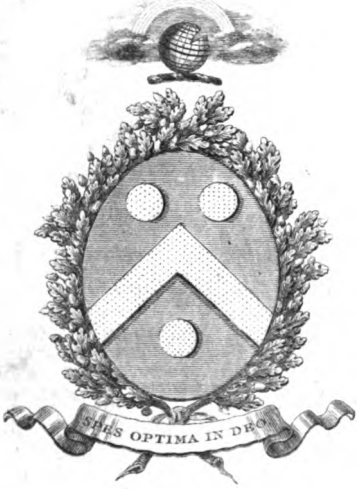

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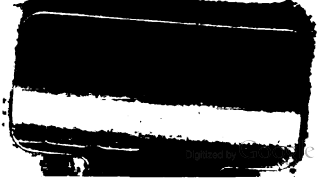

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MEMOIRS

AND

ADVENTURES

OF A

FLEA;

IN WHICH ARE INTERSPERSED

MANY HUMOROUS

CHARACTERS AND ANECDOTES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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AS in my little diminutive walk of life, it muſt not be expected I can give a regu-

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lar history of every individual I lived with, it is impossible;---ay, even if I had a hundred pound a volume, as I am told one of my brother authors had, which made him spin out morality, and lengthen an unaffecting dialogue between two green-sick misses in one sex, and fellow-rakes in the other, to an incredible length; — it enabled him also to draw a pattern of a modern fine gentleman, as coldly and inoffensive as when he first came from the nursery education of his mother's maids; —not that I think a man ought to be a profest rake, or a more impious atheist to be a gentleman; — so far from it, that I would

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would have them pictured with every human virtue, and yet (as fallen angels) capable of every human failing;—light and ſhade is abſolutely as neceſſary for an hiſtorian as a painter; and I believe the generality of my readers will approve my judgment in this piece of criticiſm, as few will ever meet with, ſo fewer ſtill ſhould ever expect to meet with a perfect man—the beſt riſe to perfection, but one degree above the common errors of their kind.

But here let me ſtop, leſt, like a little impertinent inſect as I am, I ſhould puzzle myſelf, by daring to dictate to man!

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let me drop this, I ſay, and reaſſume my late ſtory, and in ſome meaſure conclude it.

To begin then: —— the waggon being arrived ſafe at the deſtined port, all was jollity, as the troop was now fully compleat:—their ſalutations and civilities were paſt, and the new members paid every proper reverence and reſpect to the old; — different lodgings were provided for the different parties; but Mr. and Mrs. Thunder, being ſuppoſed to be the principal ſupport of this excurſion, had the honour of making up a party with Mr. Stormwell the manager, at head quarters; the conſtables

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conſtables were all ſecured with free tickets, and they had likewiſe an aſſurance from Sir Gilbert, that provided they conformed to the rules and orders of the place, but above all, if they obeyed his commands, he would patronize them.

It is well known, that every large town or pitiful borough in England, has a different lord, knight, or eſquire, who, through the meanneſs of its inhabitants, are allowed to ſell or to direct it. — A fool with a title, or a raſcal with a great eſtate, may here ſell the freedom of four or five thouſand wretches, who, being devoid of ſenſe or ſpirit,

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will join in raiſing trophies to their own deſtruction, and ſhout their hireling members through their polluted ſtreets; —— get drunk as ſwine to drown the little ſenſe they have; — and ſwear, after they have ſuffered themſelves to be bought like aſſes, mules, and other beaſts of burthen, for a price, that their ſhouts are for liberty and property! —— When all their boaſted freedom, ſtrange to tell! is the poor right of a day, to get princely drunk at the expence of their betrayers; which expence is oft times repaid by additional taxes, — from the public reſervoir; — or, perhaps, by a ſnug ſinecure for life; with the

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the addition of no other incumbrance, than that of endangering the loſs of their conſciences, which is of trifling import, by ſaying no, when they ſhould ſay ay; and ay, inſtead of no! without any other bad intent, than that of merely ſerving themſelves, without the moſt diſtant thought of their more mad electors, who, having ſuffered themſelves to be bought, were careleſs how they were ſold, and waited but for the next opportunity to enſlave themſelves further by the ſame means.

Such was the man, and ſuch was the command Sir Gilbert had here;

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here; ---and ſuch men too oft, with all our boaſted freedom, are our leaders; —alas! poor England!—to talk of choice is a ſubject now forgot; a poor man is turned out of his houſe or farm for a refuſal; —a man in middling circumſtances loſes an opportunity of providing for his family; — the man of acquired opulence loſes the countenance of his ſuperior; — the doctor loſes a patient, the parſon a living, the lawyer a fee; — in ſhort, intereſt is a long chain that binds numbers to a patron, —ſtrange infatuation! though at the ſame time he is but a dependent himſelf.

Every

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Every thing being now prepared, and the actors thus fortified with the assistance of the constables, and the patronage of Sir Gilbert, the theatre was announced to be opened the following evening with the Tragedy of the Fair Penitent, and the Farce of the Lying Valet. To give the reader an idea of the theatre, would be saying nothing, as most of them are composed of the same materials, and built on the same principles; suffice it then to say, that this theatre, being superior to many, was built over a stable, to which the audience ascended by means of a ladder; which, in order to preserve the ladies de-

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licacy and reputation, was hung with canvas; the propriety of which the reader will doubtleſs obſerve: Sir Gilbert, indeed, being gouty, with his friends, were admitted through the ſtable, and from thence conveyed to the ſtage-box through the hay-loft, by means of a chair faſtened with ropes, and hauled up as on the ſide of a ſhip.

With theſe accommodations, the night being come, the theatre was opened, and graced the preſence of their patron, Sir Gilbert, who, with his company and attendants, as the reader has been before informed, took up the ſtage-box, which, conſidering

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ſidering the ſituation, was rather above the ordinary ſtyle; for the manager having himſelf a little knowledge of painting, had curiouſly bedaubed the arms of Sir Gilbert's family on a royal paſteboard, which he cut out, and ſtuck up over his box, for which he received the plaudits of the audience as a man of taſte and real genius; which indeed was all he got by his ingenuity, Sir Gilbert thinking the honour of his attendance was ſufficient, without any other gratuity. Sir Gilbert and his company being thus ſeated, Mrs. Turnip, and Mrs. Smallcoal, the two conſtables wives, one of whom was a blackſmith,

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and the other a gardener, being the lady mayoreſſes of the place, made an elegant *entrée* with their free tickets, and were honoured with the firſt ſeat in the pit; which were reſerved purpoſely for them, it being one of the ſtipulations of their agreement, in order to preſerve the continuation of the knight's patronage, over whom their elocution was very perſuaſive, they being of his own appointing, and of courſe ever ready and willing to execute his commands.

The company being all ſeated, and in good humour, the muſic began to play, which conſiſted

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ſiſted of two blind fidlers, a black with a French-horn, and a Jew with a hurdy-gurdy, who had travelled with them upon a venture, to play upon one ſhare between them; imagining their inſtrumental abilities would do more towards attracting the audience, and drawing good houſes, than the joint abilities of the theatrical troop; beſidès, ſhould they happen to fail in their hopes, they knew there were fools enough in the town to anſwer their purpoſe, and enable them to defray their expences back again, beſides living well while they were there.

At

At length the bell rung, and the curtain drew up, which, for want of a better, was a blanket borrowed from the maſter of the inn where the manager and Mr. Thunder lodged; who, being a good-natured, eaſy man, was contented with the joint ſecurity of the two conſtables, who were kind enough to anſwer for them, added to the manager and Mr. Thunder, who were now very much reſpected; it was to be ſure rather of the yelloweſt, with a hole worn fairly through the middle, which indeed gave them the advantage of reconnoitering their audience; but, in ſpite of all, the reflection of the ſtage-lights, which

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which were trimmed with the beſt train-oil, gave the curtain a moſt noble appearance; and the houſe, with the addition of the ſtables, a moſt ſalubrious ſmell.

Mr. Thunder now made his appearance, and, in an occaſional prologue, made by the clerk of the pariſh, acquainted the audience with the innate, heaven-born qualities of their god-like patron; extolled the piety of the rector, the ſobriety of the juſtice, and the modeſty of the ladies; in ſhort, not a claſs of people in the town, but had ſome oblique compliment paid either to their ſenſe or their pocket.

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pocket. Mr. Thunder had no ſooner finiſhed this ſublime piece of poetry, than he received the univerſal applauſe of the whole houſe, who, in one voice, cried out *encore, encore*; but Mr. Thunder conſidering the heavy taſk he had to undergo in the courſe of the evening, being obliged to repreſent the Lying Valet, after having performed the part of Lothario, very politely came forward, and craved the indulgence of the audience, to remit that part of the *ſentence* of their approbation, for the reaſons above-mentioned, which he recited to them; and begged leave to aſſure the company, that if there was any merit

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rit in the compoſition, which undoubtedly he ſaid, had many *good ſtrokes* in it, he could not arrogate that merit to himſelf, it being the whole and ſole production of Mr. Amen, the pariſh-clerk and undertaker; who undertook that part at their firſt interview, merely on the ſcore of friendſhip, and to revive the reputation of prologues, which of late conſiſted of nothing original, but were compoſed chiefly of flimſy quotations from old ballads and obſolete plays, whereas the preſent was compoſed of originalities collected on the ſpot.

The houſe was ſo well pleaſed with this apology of Mr. Thunder's,

Thunder's, and the information he had given them of the author of their obligations, that they very kindly remitted that part of his *ſentence*, and permitted him to retire, in order to prepare himſelf to appear in the character of Lothario, which was the tragedy intended for repreſentation that evening.

During this ſuſpenſion a whiſper went about of "that's he! "that's Mr. Amen." — Now it is to be remarked, that Mr. Amen being in the houſe while Mr. Thunder was delivering his apology and explanation, ſat himſelf down with great modeſty amidſt the gaping multitude, who

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who were ſtanding up in amaze at Mr. Thunder's vociferous delivery of his production, (which we have been ſince informed was the firſt offſpring of his muſe) to ſhelter himſelf from that unbounded applauſe Mr. Thunder received, which he was conſcious within himſelf was due only to his own merit, having ſince frequently declared, that he had no judgment at all in the delivery thereof; that he vociferated it by main ſtrength only, and that if it had not been for the incidents that were worked up in the poem, together with ſome other concurrent circumſtances that could not be miſunderſtood, it muſt undoubtedly

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edly have met with the contempt of the audience, and damn'd his fame for ever as a poet, which he was ambitious to gain.

Mr. Amen's modeſty however, procured him a temporary ſhelter, which was but of ſhort continuance; for no ſooner was the company recovered from the ſurpriſe Mr. Thunder's oratorical abilities had thrown them into, than they began to ſeat themſelves quietly, in expectation of the remainder of the evening's entertainment. It was at this time (the company being ſeated nearly upon a level) that Mr. Amen's folio cauliflower-

wig

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wig began to be conſpicuous, which cauſed the whiſper before-mentioned, of that's he! that's Mr. Amen! — The eyes of the audience were now tranſferred from Mr. Thunder to Mr. Amen; —the applauſe was trebly beſtowed; and every one looked up to the pariſh-clerk, as the poet-laureat of the age; even Sir Gilbert, the patron of the ſtage, though unuſed to ſuch courteſy, (occaſioned, we will ſuppoſe, by the gout, which had rendered his limbs ſtiff and unpliant) roſe, and with a ſignificant ſmile, and reiterated bows, joined the audience in their acclamations, and kindly invited him to partake of his ſeat;

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ſeat; this condeſcenſion on his part, gained him univerſal popularity, at leaſt for the evening, which was expreſſed in three cheers; Mr. Amen having by this time taken his ſeat, and the prompter's bell ringing, they were immediately ſeated quietly, and waited with impatience for the continuation of the performance.

It will be needleſs for me to give an account of a play ſo well known to all the world; it is ſufficient then that I ſay, it is one of Rowe's beſt productions, and needs no comment. — Mr. Thunder bellowed out the part of Lothario with as much

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much juſtice and energy, as he had before done the prologue; to which, if we add his graceful walk and elegant action (which was beyond doubt indiſputable) we may pronounce with the audience, that they "never ſhould look upon his "like again!" Mrs. Thunder repreſented the character of Caliſta; and had it not been that her tongue was rather too ſhort (a very unuſual caſe with a woman) ſhe would really have been very decent. Her dreſs was an old and very elegant brocade, well ſtiffened with dirt, which added much to its richneſs; and, to all outward appearance, was wove in the days of

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f good queen Beſs. Mr. and
Irs. Thunder perfectly agreed
n reſpect of ſtrength of voice,
ne being rather of the maſcu-
ne kind, and of the true Hi-
ernean breed, full ſix feet two
ıches high, with a little of the
rogue, which rather heighten-
d the rapture of the audience,
'ho, *una voce*, pronounced them
ne beſt actors in company, be-
ıuſe they ſpoke the loudeſt of
ne troop.

Indeed, in moſt country thea-
es, rant and noiſe are two of
ne moſt neceſſary qualifications
ır the commencement of a
reat actor. An heroic ſtrut,
mething like antient Piſtol's,

is

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is abſolutely neceſſary; and, in a terrible moving love-ſcene, a grimace, ſomewhat like the pain occaſioned by the cholic, has a good effect; —ſuch a man, in a rural ignorant audience, muſt be a London player, he makes ſuch a buſtle about it.

Mr. Stormwell played the character of Sciolto; his tragedy groans, both in his misfortunes and at his death, had the deſired effect, and even a moſt unfeeling audience wept, without the aſſiſtance of onions! — Tragedy groans, properly tuned and well adapted, are very moving affairs!

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Horatio and Altamont were ſpoke moſt according to nature; but as nature has a very ſmall ſhare in the ear or feeling of a country audience, they only pronounced, that thoſe there men were no players at all; for they ſpeaks juſt as we do when we are talking together; — they makes no noiſe about it; —here they unknowingly paid them the greateſt compliment.

Roſanno was a young ſpouter from the Morris Dancers, whom we ſhall paſs over in ſilence, being convinced he had ſtudied the taſte of porter in preference to acting.

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The part of Lavinia was performed by Mrs. Stormwell, who was rather of too large a ſize to ſay, my little heart is ſatisfied with thee; her voice was none of the ſofteſt, though it was not altogether to be called manly. She was elegantly dreſt in flowered or brocaded flannel, which made her at leaſt a ſhining figure;—the men's clothes were alſo of flannel of different hues, very aptly edged with gilt leather; to which add their ruffles, which were made of paper ſtampt in imitation of lace, they cut no deſpicable appearance.

Miſs Sedgwick played the part of Lucilla, and was really

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in character; her dreſs, which was her own, was a blue ſilk ſack, which had been carefully preſerved, and ſeemed to own the wearer had known better times; indeed, her manner of acting was ſuch as would not have diſgraced a London theatre. Her figure was delicately elegant, and a kind of diffidence which overſpread her countenance, ſeemed to indicate ſhe had "that within which paſſeth "ſhew."—Trifling as I am in the ſcale of life, and obnoxious as human kind in general is to me, I could not refuſe the tear of ſympathy to this ſeemingly young unfortunate. Her voice was ſo plaintive, and her manner

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ner of acting ſo delicately chaſte, that the audience ſeemed to feel for her diſtreſſes, which, though exhibited on the ſtage, were not imaginary, but the reſult of woes innumerable.

They played three nights that week, when the company being in want of men, Mrs. Crotchet made her appearance in the character of Foigard, in the Stratagem! — to be ſure it was diſputed whether ſhe talked Engliſh, Iriſh, French or Dutch, in her performance; ſome of the audience thought all four; but others of ſuperior knowledge, concluded it was no language at all; — however, that

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paſſed muſter; —but, on her ſecond entrance, to make her look more Iriſh or more manly, for which it was deſigned I cannot tell, they daubed her noſe very thick with Scotch ſnuff, which ſet her a ſneezing ſo violently, that ſhe could not ſpeak a word; and, what was worſe than all, by over-ſtraining, ſhe burſt the capital button of her breeches, when, O dire diſgrace! they fell over her knees, to the great aſtoniſhment and mirth of the ſpectators, who now clapped ſo loud, as to make the old lady think ſhe had pleaſed them at laſt; but when ſhe found the occaſion of their mirth, it was with the utmoſt difficulty ſhe was prevailed

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prevailed to go on again to finiſh her part.

Some of the young fellows of the town, who called themſelves bucks, if human nature can produce a more diſagreeable animal, impudent and unmeaning! ignorant and ill-bred! a compound of oaths, lyes, and immorality — without ſenſe to entertain, or wit to amuſe, made a racketing party one night to the play, when three or four of theſe hopeful ſons of ignorance, who poſſeſſed a little more braſs than the reſt, came behind the ſcenes to lounge away the time, and confuſe the actors. "This "Miſs Sedgwick, Jack, is a

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" damn'd fine girl, but moſt
" confoundedly modeſt though!
" hark'ee, Tom! I warrant you
" ſhe knows the turf to a ſhav-
" ing; —— a five-and-three-
" penny-piece well turned
" would fetch her!" — " Ay,
" ay," cries another, " they
" may fetch her down with
" ſmall ſhot; ſhe's to be had!"
Miſs Sedgwick was the object of their attention for ſeveral ſucceeding evenings, when the ſavages renewed the tale of Cymon and Iphigenia; — until at laſt, over a brutal bottle at one of their nocturnal ſacrifices to Bacchus, they laid a ſcheme to carry her off, which was to take place the next night, according to

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to the following plan: — when they had made themſelves ſufficiently drunk, to be hardened in their purport, (pity it is, that drink ſhould be as an opiate to lay the intellects of a wiſe man aſleep; but a much greater pity that it ſhould allay every little trace of reaſon and reflection in the breaſt of fools; pity it is, a wiſe man ſhould ever drown his underſtanding in the red-ſea of port, or that fools ſhould receive additional folly from its intoxicating ſenſe-deſtroying qualities) they laid in ambuſh, waiting with impatience and anxiety for the appearance of Miſs Sedgwick, who was the object of their brutal luſt; how

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far they ſucceeded the reader will ſoon learn; Mrs. Crotchet, through her good behaviour, was received by Miſs Sedgwick as a companion in her apartment; indeed, when ſhe was informed in what light an actreſs in the country was looked upon, ſhe found a female friend doubly neceſſary. It happened this ſame evening, that Mrs. Crotchet had been playing the old maid, when theſe pretty ſparks ſeeing her croſs the ſtreet to Miſs Sedgwick's lodgings, by the faint glimmering of a young moon, took her for the lady herſelf, whom they immediately ſeized upon, and placed her on horſeback behind young 'ſquire Graceleſs,

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Graceleſs, who inſtantly gallop-ed off with his ſuppoſed ineſ-timable prize. Happy it was for Miſs Sedgwick, that ſhe had been that night confined to her room by a ſlight indiſpoſition, which prevented her appear-ance. Miſs Sedgwick thought Mrs. Crotchet made a long ſtay, which made her very uneaſy; with what impatience did ſhe count the hours of the long night!—how did ſhe fear ſome terrible misfortune had befal-len the poor old lady!—but be-ing in arrears with her land-lady, ſhe dared not call a ſoul up to diſſipate her uneaſineſs, for fear of giving her offence, having already heard it diſput-

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ed by the charitable heads of the family, whether, if she should die in the house, her clothes would sell for enough to defray the funeral expences; or whether it was proper they should go to the overseers, and get them to pass the poor unhappy young lady to her own parish in the cripple-cart. — Shocking as this must be to one in her situation, she bore it with greatness of mind, and treated it with the contempt it merited. She waited till four o'clock, but no Mrs. Crotchet; when tired out with grief and anxiety she retired to bed, and endeavoured to compose herself to sleep; but the loss of Mrs. Crotchet, who was

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was now neceſſary to her, prevented her ſleeping. At length, when morning came, and the maid went down to open the door, who ſhould make her appearance but madam Crotchet, piteouſly lamenting her ſituation, which to be ſure was truly ridiculous; for theſe jockies no ſooner found out their miſtake (which was a grievous one to them) than they held a council to know how to diſpoſe of her, and what kind of puniſhment they ſhould inflict upon the object of their rage; one was for drowning her; another was for ſcalping her; and a third was for burning her for a witch; at length Tom Bumkin, juſtice Bum-

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Bumkin's ſecond ſon, hit upon a very happy experiment, which, though not quite ſo dangerous as either of the others, was as diſagreeable an operation as any one need undergo. It was no other than the ever-memorable invention of the Americans upon ſome of our Engliſh brethren, that of tarring and feathering; which, notwithſtanding all the tears and entreaties of the poor old lady, they effected with aſtoniſhing expedition, and then turned her out of doors. It was in this condition Dame Crotchet returned home, where ſhe waited till the maid came down to open the houſe, being afraid to knock at the

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the door for the reaſons before-mentioned of Miſs Sedgwick. The maid no ſooner beheld her, than ſhe gave a ſhriek, and fell backwards, thinking it was a ghoſt; Mrs. Crotchet, however, ſoon convinced her of her miſtake, when ſhe very kindly aſſiſted her with ſome ſoap and warm water, which once more brought this ſtrangely unfortunate woman to her original ſituation.

As ſoon as ſhe had properly cleaned and dreſſed herſelf, ſhe went up to Miſs Sedgwick, who received her with tears of joy, being much rejoiced to find her nurſe and companion had returned

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turned ſafe, after all the fears and horrors of the night.

This affair, however, next day made a great noiſe; and the inhuman fathers and relations of the young men, inſtead of horſe-whipping their ill-diſciplined ſons, as they ought to have done, began to conſider Miſs Sedgwick in a new light, as an impoſtor, and a pretender to virtue, in order to draw one of their booby heirs into matrimony, or at leaſt a ſettlement; — upon which account they met the next day, and over a tankard of foggy ale, decreed Miſs Sedgwick ſhould leave the company, or the company the town; accordingly

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cordingly orders were ſent; ſhe returned an anſwer, that ſhe was too ill to move, but would nevertheleſs obey their orders the next morning; — ſhe then acquainted Mr. Stormwell and the reſt of the troop with her new received inſtructions, and promiſed to meet them at the next town, or indeed go with them, as ſhe ſhould only go to a village three or four miles off. — She entreated them to continue her ſmall ſhare, as ſhe was entirely helpleſs, having already pledged moſt of her neceſſaries for her board, and for the ſupport of her little journey.—Mr. Stormwell, who gave us a proof of his humanity and generoſity at

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at the inn, immediately redeemed her things, and preſented them to her, with what little money he had, and alſo ordered Mrs. Stormwell, who knew a farmer of that place ſhe was going to, to ſee her ſafe there, and promiſed to ſend a horſe in the afternoon, for her time enough to play; — this matter was ſoon ſettled; they wept and parted; — Mrs. Crotchet promiſed to attend in the morning at the village, as ſhe was to play that night the part of Mrs. Day in the Committee.

Miſs Sedgwick was placed at the farmer's (an honeſt agreeable family) for the recovery of her

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her health, as Mrs. Stormwell called it;—they were but poor —yet they wanted for nothing; content, health, and peace of mind, beamed with continual ſunſhine on their cottage;— and though they were poor, how often has the poorer than themſelves held up their hands and bleſt them! — Religion cheared their breaſts with diſtant gleams of more continued happineſs; —— and, to heighten their felicity here, content of mind made every little accidental good they received, ſeem as a peculiar bleſſing; — ſleep endowed their nights with eaſe, the meed of chearful toil and induſtry;—a ſimple plenty crowned

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crowned their frugal board, and appetite, ſolicited by health, made each repaſt luxurious; — they had taſted ſorrow, and ſurvived it!—Near the door ran a brook where the hoarſe-current chafed the fiery breaſt of the pebble;—it was partly covered with trees, where a ruſtic ſeat often in the ſummer-ſeaſon received the hoſpitable pair on the verdant bank, who oft re-told the long-paſt tales of youth and jollity.

Miſs Sedgwick oft retired to this pleaſant ſpot to indulge a pleaſing melancholy, and divert her mind. ——Oppoſite to the walk ſtood the habitation of the humble

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humble curate; the rector was chaplain to a lord, who would not leave his patron's table to inſtruct the unlettered ſons of a rude uncultivated village;—veniſon and port, claret and politicks, had their peculiar charms; then the hopes of riſing to dignity in the church by an acquaintance with the great, was to him a more indulgent viſion, than the more diſtant expectation of riſing in a future ſtate to the favour of his God;—but to paſs him by unnoticed as an undeſerved being, and return to a better object. The curate, more worthy in his poverty than the prieſt in his protections, whoſe heart had been habituat-

ed

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ed to every tender feeling, could not help obſerving the ſettled concern that appeared in Miſs Sedgwick's countenance; he wiſhed, he knew not why, for an opportunity of ſpeaking to her;—he told his wife the concern ſhe filled him with;—they had frequent conferences together on the ſubject; in one of which he took an opportunity to tell her, he was informed "ſhe was a player in the bo-"rough, where ſhe behaved "ill; in conſequence of which "ſhe was very little noticed; "but what of that," ſaid this humane clergyman, "if ſhe has "erred ſhe is penitent;—pray "wife invite her to tea; take "no

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" no refuſal; — methinks it is
" both to your peace and mine
" that I ſhould ſpeak to her; a
" ſecret impulſe beats upon my
" heart, and nature ſeems to ſay,
" I muſt ſpeak to her; — we
" are old, therefore no hurt can
" attend our characters by con-
" verſing with her; — and our
" advice may ſave the poor un-
" happy young perſon from de-
" ſtruction."

Mrs. Goodwill, (for that was their name) whoſe firſt joy was to oblige him, flew that inſtant to the farmer's, where, after many excuſes, Miſs Sedgwick at laſt complied, and went with Mrs. Goodwill home, who con-

ducted

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ducted her to a little neat parlour, here and there littered with books, moſt of which were orthodox; — magazines and newſpapers alſo lay to tell the mighty annals of the Britiſh empire, intermixed with ſatirical and home advances at thoſe guilty breaſts, who, having already ſold their conſciences and honour for advancement, read their own infamy with a malicious grin, curſe the liberty of the preſs, and wiſh every editor of the public prints in the pillory;—but let me paſs them by, as unworthy notice;—heaven will puniſh what man cannot controll.———Mrs. Goodwill and Miſs Sedgwick were

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were now chatting very familiarly about indifferent matters, and had drank each a glaſs of mead, when Mr. Goodwill came in; his breeches being rather ſhabby, he had been up ſtairs to put on his caſſock to hide the defects of his poverty; he ſaluted Miſs Sedgwick, and ſeemed greatly pleaſed with her ſenſe, politeneſs, and affability; —amongſt other things he ſaid, "I had a daughter that died "in London of the ſmall-pox, "who bore a great reſemblance "to you; but why ſhould I "call to mind that extreme "poverty which was her de-"ſtruction;—her brother, dear "to us all, by wrong conduct

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" was forced abroad;—he was
" expelled the univerſity, at
" which place I had nearly ſpent
" my little all to keep him, by
" going off with a young lady,
" daughter to a clergyman lately
" dead, who was of ſmall for-
" tune, and who left him lit-
" tle or no dependence but
" (ſcanty pittance) on a ſtep-
" mother, who would not deign
" to look on her after the error
" ſhe had committed,—being
" glad to make that pitiful ex-
" cuſe as a reaſon for leaving
" her to a mercileſs world.—
" Whether ſhe went off with
" George, or remained, I know
" not;—his debts forced him
" abroad;—and as he has an
" uncle

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" uncle at Amſterdam, I ſup-
" poſe he went to him;—but he
" is a worldly-minded man, and
" I fear he will do but little for
" him;—neither me nor mine
" have yet been worth his no-
" tice, though he might have
" aſſiſted us without any ap-
" parent diminution of his
" wealth; but God's will be
" done; I am content."—" An
" uncle, Sir, ſaid you at Am-
" ſterdam!—his name!—and
" if I deceived —— oh! Sir,
" —forgive me — this is the
" ſtrangeſt ſtory—it overpow-
" ers me—my very ſenſes are
" affected—pardon me, Sir—I
" bluſh to appear thus before
" you—I fear—I fear—I am

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" more intereſted in this affair
" than you—and that ſhe that
" graſps the tender father's
" hand, is the betrayer of his
" child---the cauſe of all theſe
" fatal accidents, which have
" deſtroyed the peace of a great
" mind and noble heart like
" your's!---Oh! Sir, forgive---
" forgive---and let me fly your
" ſight --- I cannot even bear
" my own upbraidings; how
" then can I bear the affliction
" and reſentment of the beſt
" parents in the world in ad-
" dition to them! How can I
" ſupport the reflection of the
" ruin I have occaſioned?---Or
" how can you, Sir, humane
" and generous as you are, bear
" ſuch

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" ſuch an offenſive object in " your ſight---oh! Sir! oh! " madam! I dare not look."

Mr. Goodwill raiſed her; --- and Mrs. Goodwill, whoſe tender feelings would have done honour to the nobleſt age, kiſſed off the falling tear, but could not ſpeak, though ſhe endeavoured all ſhe could to ſay ſomething which might alleviate Miſs Sedgwick's anxiety; ---nor could Mr. Goodwill utter more than, " my dear George! my " poor child! where is he now? " ---Ah! why no longer can " a parent's arms embrace " him."---" Yes, Sir, (replied " Miſs Sedgwick) it is but juſt

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" you ſhould reproach me, I
" am the cauſe of all his miſ-
" fortunes, the occaſion of all
" your woes; I do not, ſweet
" amiable creature, (he replied)
" I do not reproach, I pity you;
" ---if you loved my boy, you
" cannot be inſenſible of a fa-
" ther's feelings for his loſs---
" his poor mother, too---Mrs.
" Goodwill do not weep---you
" affect me too much!---thou
" beſt of women be comfort-
" ed;---we yet may ſee---be-
" neath this oft frequented roof,
" whilſt infant innocence kept
" him from thoſe errors from
" which maturer reaſon could
" not defend him---but let me
" aſk one queſtion---are you his
" wife,

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" wife, or, I dread to aſk, are
" you not?---may I careſs thee
" as the child of my boſom---
" the wedded wife of my dar-
" ling ſon! --- or, muſt I ſtill
" regret his crime --- and pity
" your misfortunes?" " Sir,
" (replied Miſs Sedgwick) you
" ſhall know all --- but firſt I
" will appeaſe your anxiety, by
" informing you that I am his
" wife;---but yet I cannot boaſt
" ſo ſtrict an honour as I am
" convinced an alliance to you
" or your's deſerved;---but no-
" thing ſhall be concealed——
" his frequent viſits, when
" at the univerſity, prevailed
" on my unpractiſed heart
" to give that virtue to his

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" truſt, no woman in her re-
" flective hours ought ever to
" part with; --- but love was
" then my bane and my ambi-
" tion. Yet in that point am
" I truly happy;---he ſtaid, af-
" ter he was expelled, a month
" with me in London; ——
" where, after having been
" regularly aſked at church, he
" married me;---our love now
" increaſed with our poverty---
" till at length, unable to ſup-
" port the bitter hours of chid-
" ing want, he left me with a
" promiſe of writing ſoon; ---
" if he lived, he was obliged to
" own me for his wife --- if he
" died, he begged I would ne-
" ver reveal the ſecret to
" his

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" his family; --- he ſaid this
" ſtroke would be fatal to their
" peace---as it was in hopes of
" his advancement, they ſur-
" vived through many a ſtorm
" of life, to wait the ſlow return
" of happier hours, and yet
" more chearful days; ——he
" thought, if you was con-
" vinced he was married to a
" woman of no fortune,---the
" additional ſcenes of poverty
" and diſtreſs it muſt occaſion
" would break their hearts;——
" and more; to prevent my
" making the leaſt proper en-
" quiry, he told me his name
" was Hopkins, and that he
" would ſome time or other
" clear the miſtake to me of

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" taking up that of Goodwill: " to tell all our joys and miſe- " ries, blended as they were " from our laſt meeting to the " dreadful hour of parting, " would only be to rouſe freſh " ideas on your minds, already " too much affected at the fond " tale of an unhappy miſerable " object; --- we parted,---fatal " moment! --- I fear for ever! " --- the ſequel you know as " much of as myſelf! ——Six " months are gone without the " leaſt intimation where he is " ---I fear the worſt---forgive " me, Sir --- if I am honoured " as poor your adopted child---I " ought to try to comfort, not " to wound; the ever tender,

" ever

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" ever charitable breaſt, of my " deareſt benefactors."---A rud-dy girl at this inſtant brought in the apparatus for tea, which re-lieved them all, and called forth that reſolution they wanted, whilſt yet no eye obſerved the tender feeling of their hearts, or their love-inſtructed intercourſe of ſorrow. They took their chairs, and Dolly ſeemed rejoiced to find the hot cakes her hands had prepared, were well re-ceived by her maſter and miſ-treſs, whoſe continued kindneſs to her was what ſhe had in no place experienced before.---But to be ſhort in my ſtory; as I promiſed not to dwell on any particular ſubject, leſt that ſub-

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ject ſhould grow tedious, Miſs Sedgwick continued here for the ſpace of nine months longer, without the leaſt intimation from her huſband; --- Mr. and Mrs. Goodwill loved her as their child --- and a proper proviſion for her future life, was all that was wanting to make them now all as happy, as the loſs of a ſon and huſband could make each party. — Continued good-nature made every day appear a little feſtival; —while affability ſweetened every ſentence.

But I ſhould have told you that the players had left the town, tho' not without coming over to the village to pay their reſpects to young

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young Mrs. Goodwill, and to take a proper leave; Mrs. Crotchet ſtaid a month behind them, and then followed the troop,--- and after having received freſh aſſurances from Miſs Sedgwick, of a better proviſion as ſoon as it could be procured for her.

Miſs Sedgwick ſeemed now quite happy in her little retirement, without once regretting the loſs of a more public, as well as a more poliſhed world. —And looking now on her huſband as amongſt the irrevocable regions of death, "from whoſe "bourne no traveller returns;" the violence of her grief had ſoftened into a gentle melancholy,

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ly, to reflection, which now and then, when his once-loved idea played upon her mind, would break out in ſilent tears.

Now, dreſt in the airy robe of memory, her viſits were daily, but chiefly to the poor, whoſe homely wants in illneſs and oppreſſion, little as they had to give, were inſtantly ſupplied; they could bleſs the bounty of an omnipotent God, that they had ſomething to beſtow to dry the eye that ſour affliction had made dim — and to relieve the heart ſeized by the cold hand of anxiety. — When they had nothing more to give, their kind advice and well-diſpoſed humanity,

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nity, gave hope and pleaſure to thoſe hearts, where time, and numberleſs good offices had taught them to reſpect their words as thoſe of peace and comfort. — Not even Mahomet was eſteemed a greater prophet among his folly-guided hoſt, than was this worthy prieſt amongſt the ruſtic circle of his few pariſhioners.

But I hope the reader will not think me long; as to paint the various graces of humanity and goodneſs, although in an humble ſtate, can never be an ungrateful ſubject to the ear of virtuous ſenſibility; indeed, the overflowings of the human heart are

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are great and noble, known but to few, and practiſed yet by leſs;—it is not yet to be deſcribed;—it is (what I have often heard Mr. Goodwill ſay) is a look into futurity—an anticipation of future felicity—and, whilſt a tender ſympathy to the misfortunes of others wounds the bleeding heart, how greatly it exalts the man!

But leſt the reader ſhould be impatient for the ſequel of my hiſtory, I will here cut ſhort the digreſſion I was entering to, and conclude this long chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

Various Accidents produce various Deſcriptions; --- Which that I may not anticipate, I will not ſum up the Heads, but let the Reader peruſe the whole unnoticed.

ABOUT the ſixteenth of June, a letter arrived with an account of the death of the mother-in-law of young Mrs. Goodwill, who, out of concern for her former cruelty, and, like many others, to do ſomething with a view to merit heaven on her death-bed, had left her two hundred pounds. This news was doubtleſs received with great pleaſure, as well as the money, which

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which was at this time a little fortune to this truly œconomical and induſtrious little family.

It was now whiſpered thro' the pariſh, that the curate and his family grew rich, they having now bought a cow of their own—and had ſupplied the pig-ſtye with inhabitants it was originally deſigned for—to true œconomy every little addition of circumſtance is felt, and cauſes a grateful ſufficiency to wear the face of plenty and profuſion; for what would appear thrift to the extravagant and unwary, is, to the votaries of œconomy, eaſe, affluence, and proſperity.

June

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June went over as the former months, without receiving any account from young Mr. Goodwill; however, on the third of July following, a letter was received by the curate, intimating, that a ſtranger would arrive like the dove in the ark, and bear the olive, the ever-grateful olive in his mouth. This prophecy alarmed the whole family, and threw them into the greateſt conſternation; which with the expectancy of what was to happen, ſat with a kind of horror on the mind, which was however relieved by the ever grateful ſon of hope.

At

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At eleven o'clock at night, when all the family were preparing for bed, the latch of the ſtreet-door was heard to move ſeveral times, but very gently, as if it ſeemed unwilling to give too great an alarm. --- The curate turning pale with fear, ſaid the houſe was beſet, and bid the maid bring the old iron tinder-box, which ſnapt like a piſtol, and that he would ſtand in the paſſage to make the thief believe he had fire-arms in his houſe; which was far from being the caſe, the good prieſt having never fired but one gun off in his whole life, and that was at a rabbit, when he himſelf

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ſelf dropt down at the ſame time, not being certain which end of the gun the effuſion was from; and it is alſo aſſerted, that if he ever was guilty of an uncleanly action, it was then, and then only; and that indeed proceeded in part from a good digeſtion, and in part from the terrors of the imagination. The noiſe, however, continued, when Betty, the maid, who was enraged at being kept out of bed, where ſhe might comfortably dream of her ſweetheart for at leaſt nine hours together, bethought of another expedient, which was no other than this; —— ſhe ran into the garret and opened the window, when ſhe perceived by the light of

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of a very feeble young moon, a man with his hand at the latch of the ſtreet-door; ---now's the time, quoth Betty to herſelf; and out the unmerciful jade pours a full vaſe of chamber-lee upon the ſuppoſed delinquent's head, who now roared out as loud as he could, " I am " ruined! an undone man! — " my grizzle-wig, and beſt blue " grey coat and black waiſtcoat " will never be fitten to be worn " again by a Chriſtian pariſh-" clerk! --- why Betty, where " is meaſter?---doſt not know " me---not know poor old Jo-" nathan! ---ah! heavens ſave " me!---I heard a piſtol crack " in the entry---I ſhall be kill-" ed!

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" ed!---meaſter---have marcy!
" ---it is only I! — poor Jona-
" than, the pariſh-clerk; who
" never knew how to wrong
" man, woman, or child in my
" born days --- except when I
" ſnip off a ſmall remnant from
" my cuſtomers, by way of toll;
" hard times, meaſter! and
" what can a poor taylor do
" with ſix-pence a day, to keep
" a wife with ten little babies;
" beſides, Suſan drinks tea into
" the bargain!---why meaſter,
" good now open the door;---I
" dare not go home till I have
" diſcourſed with you---it is as
" much as my life and all my
" five ſenſes are worth."

The

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The miſtake being perceived, the good prieſt lays down his piſtol, tinder-box, and Jonathan is ordered to be admitted, and dried by a good fire, which, with a full pint of haliday-ale, warmed with brown ſugar and ginger, is applied with ſucceſs.

Mrs. Goodwill, after her good offices were over, went up ſtairs to comfort her daughter-in-law, whoſe ſpirits, being but weak, was a good deal frightened at this ſuppoſed thief and unſeaſonable viſitant.

Let us now imagine the curate and Jonathan ſat down by a good

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a good fire, with a freſh tankard of fine home-brewed ale. ---Betty, who thought there could be no ſecret without love in the affair, and thinking Jonathan had brought freſh bans to publiſh, liſtened for a while on the ſtair-caſe.--- "Jonathan, "(ſays the prieſt) why did not "you ſpeak with a loud voice "when you was at my ſtreet-"door, and then theſe little "misfortunes could never have "happened!—Come, be cheer-"ful man; --- never mind an "old wig;---I had one I could "have given thee, but theſe "country-fellows borrowed it "for biſhop Blaze, to wear in "proceſſion on the Wake-Mon-

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" day---and I wiſh I may ever
" get it again, for that might
" repair" --- " Ah! Sir! (re-
" plies the clerk) you will ne-
" ver ſee it again, for, as I came
" through neighbour Bean-
" feild's five acres of oats laſt
" night, I ſaw it tied to a ſtick,
" where it now hangs for a
" ſcare-crow———it made my
" bowels yearn when I ſaw it;
" --- I have known it theſe
" thirteen years at leaſt;---and
" old friends, you know, meaſter,
" claim the watery eye, as I may
" ſay, if ever ſo mean.———I
" would have releaſed it; but
" poſſeſſion being nine parts
" of the law, I even left it to
" the laſt claimant, to die, like
" many

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" many more, with old age and
" misfortunes!" " Ay! many
" a chriſtening and good time
" have I worn it, Jonathan;
" it has been at many an ho-
" neſt man's table!" --- " Yes,
" Sir; I have not ſtood at your
" back ſo often, but I muſt be
" well acquainted with it; ---
" poor ſoul! well, well, we all
" muſt part, Sir!" --- " father
" and ſon, Jonathan!" ——
" huſband and wife, Sir!" ---
" grandfather, and great grand-
" father, Jonathan!" — " firſt
" couſin and ſecond couſin, Sir!
" ay! we are all pilgrims and
" wanderers upon earth!" ---
" True, Jonathan; and happy
" is he, that---a moving ſub-

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" ject, Jonathan; it makes my " eyes water!" --- " And I am " ſure, Sir, if you cry, I can " follow you, for I always was " ſoft and tender-hearted from " a chicken."

Here followed a weeping ſcene, which may be better felt than deſcribed;--when the due obſequies were regularly paid to the remembrance of the poor old wig, the curate took up the tankard (a great ſoother of affliction) with, " Jonathan, my hearty ſervice " to you."---" Sir, your love is " ſufficient for a poor man like " me;"--here a deep ſigh eſcaped from the clerk, which he immediately waſhed down with his

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his humble ſervice to the prieſt.

" What's the matter, Jona-
" than?" (ſays the prieſt) " Ah!
" Sir, (ſays he) I am ſorely
" troubled in mind!"---"What,
" have you any doubts about
" religion, man?" " Oh! no,
" Sir; I have no doubts about
" that; for I never think of it
" at all, but when I am at
" church;--and then you know
" I am forced to it; --- ſo that
" does not hurt me, --- but I
" moſt ſartainly thinks---pray,
" Sir, can I ſee a ghoſt!"——
" Why, I do not abſolutely pre-
" tend to ſay, Jonathan, but that
" ſuch a thing may appear;---

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" then it muſt be as a meſſen-
" ger from heaven to man,
" which is of the greateſt con-
" ſequence ;— not as a Will o'
" the Whiſp,--- a goblin, --- a
" bugbear,---to fright children
" with."

" The ways of the Eternal
" Being are paſt our mere fi-
" nite apprehenſion it is true ;
" ---we ſee continued tracks of
" glory in every path we trace
" through his great works ;
" and yet we find not light
" enough to guide our weak
" reaſon through the vain ſearch
" into eternal cauſes ;---our in-
" tellects want both ſtrength
" and refinement ;—man can-
" not

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" not enter into more than the
" common knowledge of his
" kind;---and if, now and then,
" a more than common ge-
" nius darts a ray, it is but like a
" comet;—it aſtoniſhes at firſt;
" it blazes with new know-
" ledge;--and after it has ſhone
" it's time, we become ſelf-
" convinced, that this our own
" reaſon might have puzzled
" out from the intricate walks
" of inſtructive knowledge;---
" the new regulator of our
" reaſon ceaſes to become a
" wonder;—and we barely but
" approve, what of late created
" our aſtoniſhment;—in ſhort,
" Jonathan, moſt of our moral
" writers, in treating of the

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" great arcana of nature, either
" wade out of their depths
" entirely, or, like mere ſchool-
" boys, only dabble in the
" ſtream."

" Indeed, Sir, replies Jonathan,
" you talk very fine, but to
" be ſure it is all Greek to me;
" — I do not underſtand one
" word of it; — ſo, Sir, my
" humble ſervice to you, —
" Well; but Jonathan, hold!
" let me touch the tankard;
" what would you enquire into
" — the reality of a ſpirit?"
" Yes, Sir; if ſo be as how,
" ſuch a thing may come in-
" deed, and truly;---I remem-
" ber to have heard what di-

" vers

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" vers people have ſaid, that
" they have ſeen Black Bill, of
" Brampton, who hanged him-
" ſelf for little Sue of Blith-
" Green; — nay, ſome people
" do not ſcruple to ſay, that
" our young eſquire, Foolacre,
" who loſt his eſtate by gam-
" ing, was moſt cruelly haunt-
" ed, before he ſold his fine
" old manſion to a London
" builder, to pay a card-debt of
" eight thouſand guineas; —
" they ſay, moreover, that old
" eſquire ———, good old
" madam ———, and two of
" his maiden aunts, who died
" for love at threeſcore, had
" uſed to walk in the long gal-
" lery, where the doors of all

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" the rooms flew open, which
" they uſed to look into with
" ſuch groans, that the like
" was never known before—
" then, Sir, you know there
" was old Gaffer Fire-Drake,
" he and his old mare were
" both frightened into a gra-
" vel-pit by the appearance of,
" dear heaven bleſs us! a wo-
" man without a head! Be-
" ſides, Sir, I have heard old
" Goody Blue Jacket ſwear,
" when ſhe has been out of
" nights on ſundry occaſions,
" that ſhe has ſeen ſpirits in
" the air, of divers ſhapes, as
" thick as flies in a ſummer's
" evening." — " Pſhaw! pri-
" thee Jonathan have done with
" thy

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" thy inſtances; — you firſt of
" all aſk me of the probability
" of the thing, and then pre-
" tend to give me ocular proofs
" thyſelf; — though I know
" not why I ſhould chide thee,
" when even people of my or-
" der, and ſeveral of very diſ-
" tinguiſhed abilities too, have
" watched that ridiculous affair
" Fanny Fantom's ghoſt for a
" whole evening, and helped
" to immortalize the haunted
" regions of Cock-lane amongſt
" the ſimple annals of Britiſh
" credulity! — You remember
" that affair, I ſuppoſe, Jona-
" than?" — "O yes, Sir, I remem-
" ber it perfectly well; at that
" time I uſed to pruſe the newſ-

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" papers about it; —dear bleſs
" us—how my hair has ſtood
" ſtraight upright; — and ex-
" cept that my wife had not
" gone to bed at the ſame time,
" I durſt not no more have
" gone by myſelf, than I could
" now go into our belfry by
" midnight!" — " Why, thou
" haſt a ſtout heart, Jonathan,
" (replied the prieſt) but pray
" now, what does all this mean?
" what haſt thou ſeen, Jona-
" than? explain, man?"——
" Why, Sir, (ſays he, trem-
" bling) does not the candle
" burn a little blueiſh? I have
" ſeen poor maſter George croſs
" the green about an hour a-
" gon, in ſuch a murrain hurry,
" as

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" as he uſed to do in his merry
" freaks; — pray, Sir, excuſe
" me; I cannot help telling it;
" — it lies upon my conſci-
" ence."

" Why, hark'ee, Jonathan,
" (replied the prieſt) it does
" not lie upon my faith in the
" leaſt;—poor George is either
" alive and merry, or dead to
" us in this world, I warrant
" him. — Well, well, do not
" talk of him; theſe tears, Jo-
" nathan, ſpeak the father, tho'
" indeed I muſt confeſs I am
" tender-hearted on all occa-
" ſions: but we ſhould be ſo,
" or how elſe ſhould we pity the
" misfortunes of others?" —
" Pray,

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" Pray, Sir, interrupts Jona-
" than, do not take on upon
" it;—I only ſaid, I believed it
" was true, whilſt you thought
" it was proper; but now, Sir,
" I believe I was in a dream
" only. — But pray Sir, now I
" think of it, did John Pladdon
" ſend the tythe-pig laſt night?"
" Yes, yes, Jonathan, he ſent
" it; he was as good as his
" word for once;" " ay, and a
" brave one it was meaſter, for
" all it comes of ſuch a croſs-
" grained methodiſt-breed; —
" piſh on um, I ſay, they would
" have ſold one at market if
" they could, and have ſworn
" the poor old beaſt had but
" ſix in a litter; — O! conſci-
" ence!

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" ence! conſcience! and as for
" eggs, why, there's not one to
" be found; — egad, the good
" man, as they call him, ſwal-
" lows down two dozen in a
" morning to whet his whiſtle,
" in order to get ſtrength of
" lungs ſufficient to raiſe a pi-
" ous mob in the afternoon,
" at the town three miles off,
" where he preaches at the
" back of a hog-ſty.—Why,
" do you know, Sir, that he
" had the impudence to kiſs
" my daughter Nan, and then
" offered to put his hands where
" ſhame makes me ſilent."—
" He's a very bad man, Jona-
" than; keep him out of your
" doors."— " Why, that is juſt
" what

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" what I ſays to my wife;—why,
" love, ſays I to her, for you know
" ſhe's a mortal paſſionate wo-
" man, and ſo I always call her
" love, being as how I like to
" mollify her, Sir;—ſo ſays I
" unto her, do you think, my
" love, ſays I, I that am a Chriſ-
" tian pariſh-clerk and his wife,
" and ſo ſober a couple as we
" be, ſhould entertain a miſ-
" creant methodiſt parſon?—
" Fy, fy; what would our good
" maſter, the curate, ſay, if he
" knew it, that is, meaning
" you, Sir;—why, Jonathan,
" ſays ſhe, (pretty and mild,
" Sir) he ſays the curate, and
" all of us are poor ſtraying
" ſouls, and that we ſhall all
" be

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" be damn'd together; — and " will alſo give me the cauſe " of the great ſinfulneſs of ſin." — " Hark'ee, wife, (ſays I to " her) do not believe him; do " not put any conference in " him; and the next time you " ſee him, tell him he's a " d——d raſcal for his pains;" — " well, but you ſwear, Jona- " than, why (ſays the parſon) " I could not help it, Sir; I " was in ſo great a paſſion to " hear ſuch a parcel of dogs " laten; now, Sir, mind how " it comes about; — you muſt " know, Sir, our neighbour, " farmer Fallowfield's wife, ne- " ver had a child of thirteen " years, till ſhe went to theſe

" miſ-

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" miſcreants, Sir; and ſo, Sir,
" ſomehow or other, ſhe turn-
" ed out a brace of fine babies
" before the year was out; —
" and this it is, Sir, that has
" made more women turn to
" him than you can imagine;
" ——for they look upon *in-*
" *creaſe and multiply* to be the
" firſt commands of heaven,
" becauſe they like it them-
" ſelves.—Now, my wife, who
" is a ſightly woman, you know,
" Sir, and no more than ſeven
" and ſixty laſt graſs;—let me
" ſee, we buried a ſon, I think
" about nine years ago; ——
" ever ſince which time ſhe
" has made ſuch a buſtle about
" repairing her loſs by getting
" ano-

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" another, that I have had,
" (though I am aſhamed to
" ſpeak it) very little comfort
" of my life, Sir;—for, let me
" ſtrive as I will, I am turned
" of fifty, and cannot do as I
" could, if I was to try never
" ſo much;—beſides, we have
" four ſons and five fine daugh-
" ters living already, which I
" thought was family enough
" for a poor man, whilſt they
" were young, Sir;—and now,
" heaven give them grace; if
" Sue would but be quiet, why
" we might enjoy ourſelves,
" and keep a cow and pig of
" our own —— but it almoſt
" breaks my heart to think as
" how that ſhe ſhould be ſo
" vartu-

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" vartuouſly given till now, and
" be in danger of falling a prey
" to a wolf in ſheep's clothing;
" excuſe me, Sir, I cannot help
" weeping."

" Nay, but Jonathan, do not
" take on, thy wife will think
" better of it, man; come touch
" the tankard, Jonathan; —I
" will put a ſpice of matrimo-
" nial advice in my next Sun-
" day's diſcourſe, by way of
" admonition; and, if ſhe will
" but take the thing in a pro-
" per light, it may be of ſer-
" vice to her." " Ah! Sir,
" (returns Jonathan) I am a-
" fraid ſhe does take the thing
" as it is; — proper or impro-
" per,

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" per, I am not bound to ſay;
" — but I am ſartainly much
" troubled about it;—here the
" walls in my houſe and ſhop
" had uſed to be covered with
" merry ballads and pleaſant
" hiſtories, Sir; me and my
" two ſons, and Gabrel the
" 'prentice, had uſed to ſing or
" whiſtle them over from morn
" till night, by way of paſtime
" as we ſat at work, and we uſed
" all to be as friſky as grigs;
" but now, Sir, ſince ſhe has
" got acquainted with theſe
" miſcreants (grant me pati-
" ence, I pray heaven) all my
" ſongs are torn down, as in-
" ſtruments of Satan, and an
" abomination to the fleſh; and
" in

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" in their ſtead is paſted up—
" Whitefield's Laſt Legacy ; —
" Pious Breathings ; — White-
" field's Travels into divers
" parts ; —— the Soul white-
" waſhed upon Earth ; — Re-
" generation openly required ;
" —one Step to the Taberna-
" cle ; — and a pious Shove to
" the heavy-ars'd Chriſtian."---
" Why, then, Jonathan, if that
" is the caſe, thou haſt ſome
" cauſe to fear ;—but hark'ee !
" — I will talk to thy wife ;
" I will call on her to-morrow ;
" — what, thy wife will hear
" reaſon I warrant thee ; — I
" wonder our bi——ps do not
" petition the parliament about
" it ; — we ſhall certainly loſe
" our

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" our flock entirely if they do
" not;—but why ſhould I won-
" der?—they do not know that
" one part of us is ſtarving
" whilſt the other is ſurfeiting
" in luxury; nay, in many
" towns, a poor curate, or a jour-
" neyman parſon and a cuckold,
" are equally ridiculous; wit-
" neſs the contempt and ill
" treatment poor parſon Adams
" met with in his travels; who,
" between friends, Jonathan,
" was as honeſt and well-mean-
" ing a man, (though I ſay it
" myſelf) as I am; together
" with ſeveral others whom I
" now cannot recollect, to the
" great diſgrace and indignity
" of the cloth; but life is ſhort,
" and

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" and we muſt be contented,
" Jonathan."

" Ay! Sir (anſwered the
" clerk) I never reſpected one
" part of our proteſtant mem-
" bers ever ſince the Jew bill
" was paſt; — I declare it al-
" moſt turned my head for a
" time, to think how it came
" about; — for, ſays I to Sue,
" if ſo be it ſhould happen to
" continue ſo, it is fifty to one
" but they erect a new Jeruſa-
" lem on the ruins of London,
" and turn Saint Paul's into a
" ſynagogue—but, heaven be
" praiſed, the ſtorm blew loud
" enough to waken our ſeven
" ſleepers into their ſeven ſenſes

" — and

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" — and ſo the good old king
" repealed it."

" Well, Jonathan, let us but
" go in the right way ourſelves,
" we may then look down with
" an eye of pity and concern
" on thoſe, whoſe ſuperior ſta-
" tions call in vain for ſuperior
" perfections; and, whilſt the
" great and rich man is con-
" fining his thoughts to the
" ſale of kingdoms, or to
" the embelliſhment of a villa,
" let ours ſoar beyond the reach
" of human concern, on the
" wings of hope, and greatly
" daring, launch into eternity!
" tread with bold ſtep the ever-
" laſting plains; and worſhip

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" only that God, whoſe power
" is abſolute and boundleſs as
" his nature; — and whilſt o-
" thers ſell their ſouls and ho-
" nour, and every thing that
" is dear to them, to a venal
" ſtateſman for a paltry bribe,
" let us devote our future hours
" of this tranſitory life to gain
" a place in that celeſtial court,
" where the ſun always ſhines;
" where peace is everlaſting;
" and where virtue, clad in
" poverty, ſhall claim prece-
" dence of exalted vice;—then
" ſhall the tear ceaſe to flow,
" the voice to groan, or the
" heart to heave with anguiſh;
" —comfort ſhall then bright-
" en the pale viſage of deject-
" ed

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"ed ſorrow; and that comfort
"ſhall be eternal."

While the good man was going on at this rate, Jonathan began to ſnore, when Mr. Goodwill finding the effect his diſcourſe or his ale, (we cannot ſay which) had on him, thought it neceſſary to rouze and inform him it was growing late; he then told him to take comfort, and be of good cheer, and that all would turn out for the beſt; to which, Jonathan, being now perfectly dry, nodded aſſent. They then wiſhed each other good night, and retired, Jonathan homewards, and the par-

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ſon to his reſt; where, if the reader pleaſes, we will leave them till morning, which ſhall begin the next chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. X.

Contains the usual Ceremonies of getting up in the Morning to Breakfast; --- young Mrs. Goodwill in low Spirits; --- the unfortunate Accident of the Parson's best Beaver, which ends in the Preservation of the Kittens; --- the Consternation occasioned by the Arrival of Esquire Lumber's Coach; --- young Mrs. Goodwill all that is amiable in Woman; --- the Embellishment of Man, exemplified in a Rose, a Daffodowndilly, a Sprig of Thyme, and some Marjoram; --- a Coach as easy as a Pulpit; ---- an Observation on Nabobs, Spendthrift Heirs, and Robbers; --- which, with many other Particulars, make this Chapter truly interesting.

TEN o'clock; all the family having breakfasted, and young Mrs. Goodwill in very

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low ſpirits, the doctor and his wife do all they can to comfort her, in vain. — A very unfortunate accident now happened through the great neglect of the maid, who had bruſhed the doctor's beaver, and laid it to ſweeten in the garden, where ſhe left it all night, when the cat very obligingly made a bed of it, and brought forth nine fine kittens in the crown of it, by the ſide of a gooſeberry-buſh. The doctor, who was an early man, chancing to walk in that part of the garden, which led to the temple, obſerved it in this condition, and immediately came to complain of it; — "ſee this careleſs girl, cries "the

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" the prieſt, my beſt hat, which
" was bought for the laſt viſi-
" tation, is entirely ſpoilt."—
Mrs. Goodwill repaired immediately with him to the fatal ſpot, where he was going to ſacrifice them; when ſhe ſaid,—
" but do not hurt the kittens,
" Mr. Goodwill; conſider the
" little helpleſs animals!"—
" Nay, my dear life, (ſays he)
" what can I do in this affair?
" —I do pity the poor crea-
" tures—." " Nay, but Sam-
" my, my dear, reflect, it is
" Betty's fault, not theirs!—
" and as to the kittens, they
" will turn out excellent mou-
" ſers!"—Well, but you would
" not keep all, love? No, Sam-

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" my, my dear, only two to
" guard my dairy; — we will
" give the reſt away; — but if
" you drown them, let me be
" got into the houſe firſt."

The reader will here ſee, that a truly compaſſionate mind ſhews itſelf in every particular. — A good man, as Mr. Goodwill often obſerved, (out of the bible, I ſuppoſe) — is merciful to his horſe.

Eleven o'clock being come, eſquire Lumber's old coach came to the door, which cauſed a great conſternation in the family, who all run different ways; nay, even Betty claps on a pair of

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of clean ſleeves in the pantry, before ſhe waits upon Mr. Jarvis the coachman, and John Trott the footman; — in the mean time the good prieſt, having firſt made himſelf decent, conveys his ſervants into the houſe, and begs to know their errand; whether the civility of the viſit was a mark of reſpect from them, or their maſter; and why the coach came empty? When, being aſſured it was ſent to fetch him and his family to Lumber-Hall, and that they had moſt particular orders to take no refuſal, (and it being a civility that was never ſhewn to them before) it greatly ſurprized the little community of this late

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peaceful manſion; — however, the prieſt deſired they would get ready as ſoon as poſſible;--- "and, do you hear Mrs. Good- "will, (ſays the prieſt) put on "your green ſatin-gown, flow- "ered with divers colours;"— "nay, it is ſo old faſhioned "Mr. Goodwill;—indeed now, "my brown luſtring is better!" —"Nay, fy now, Peggy!— "put it on, and remember "it was in that gown (which "is now about hirty years ago) "I thought you the fineſt girl "in the whole pariſh;---come, "be perſuaded, it looks as fine "as May in the ſun-ſhine."

Mrs.

Mrs. Goodwill immediately complied;—ſhe, unlike to moſt modern wives, knew not what contradiction meant; — who, when ſhe heard of a lady Gro———r, or Lig———r, had uſed to hold up her hands and bleſs herſelf on the occaſion;—though ſhe at the ſame time thought it but barely poſſible, that a wife could be falſe to the marriage-bed, or premeditate the ruin of a huſband.

It was now near twelve, and the coach ſtill waiting, when all the little remains of the once large pariſh (before it was incloſed) thronged round the door, to behold the uncommon ſpec-

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tacle of the eſquire's old coach, and madam Goodwill's beſt gown.

Young Mrs. Goodwill, on this occaſion, wore a white luſtring ſack, and appeared beautiful as a bride, and as mild and innocent as the firſt ſpring of nature;—ſimplicity and eaſe were her attendants; — on her face the glow of health rivaled the bluſh of modeſty; --- in ſhort, all that was truly amiable in woman, was her own! —— A more poetical pen than mine would perhaps have ſaid, ſhe was the child of Hebe, and the firſt favourite of the Graces!

The

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The coachman now beginning to grow impatient, and John Trott ſwearing the eſquire would be *non comput* at their ſtaying ſo long,--- "well, well, "(cries the good prieſt) Betty, "adjuſt my band;---odds heart! "(ſaid he on recollection) my "beſt beaver will never be dry "and cleaned in time, ſo Betty, "put my ſilk-roſe in my old "hat; --- and, hark'ee, Betty, "get me a roſe, a daffodown-"dilly, a ſprig of thyme, and "ſome ſweet marjoram, to take "in my hand;---it looks grace-"ful; --- man, my dear wife "and daughter, looks ſo little "in the eyes of a ſuperior, "that we ſhould always add "what

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" what we can to our dignity!
" —Man is allowed the embel-
" liſhments of art; —— man,
" plain, ſimple, uninſtructed
" man, would be a prodigy;
" —why is ſuperior knowledge
" given us over brutes, but that
" we ſhould ſoften by precept
" our original rude nature, to
" the more pleaſing refine-
" ments of informed humani-
" ty?—But come, Mrs. Good-
" will, theſe good people wait
" for us;—get in daughter;—
" how do you ſit?" — " very
" well, Sir, I thank you;"—
" why, ay, child, I think it is
" as eaſy as a pulpit; ——ay,
" theſe great people have their
" times; — but why ſhould I

" lament

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" lament the good of others;
" — I would do nothing that
" looks like envy.---Very pret-
" ty prospects here, Mrs. Good-
" will!"---" Ay, Sammy, I see
" these often on foot; you
" know I am a great walker."
— " It is good for your health,
" my life; --- and as for these
" prospects, as I was observing
" before, whether you view
" them on foot, or from a car-
" riage, there is no very mate-
" rial difference;---it is just the
" same with mankind; --- a
" man has the same figure here
" as at court; --- and though
" dress and splendor may be
" wanting to make outward
" appearance as elegant and
" grace-

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" graceful, yet, conſequently,
" having leſs occaſion for art
" to hide the deformities both
" of body and mind, our ſen-
" timental faculties may be en-
" dued with more honeſty,
" ſenſe, and diſcerment."

" For my part, Mrs. Good-
" will, I am bigotted to no par-
" ty; — but I muſt confeſs, I
" have often read, with tears
" and horror, of thoſe all-de-
" vouring ſons of public ra-
" pine, who, like the ſanguine
" progeny of the generous pe-
" lican, live upon the blood and
" vitals of their country.——
" Now and then, indeed, a na-
" bob arrives rich, with the
" ruins

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" ruins of a diſtant climate,
" one who has literally fed on
" the blood of thouſands, and
" whoſe wealth is curſt with
" the tears of millions of poor
" creatures, whoſe embittered
" lives now lament in vain his
" treacherous ravage! --- But
" when I ſee or hear of a com-
" miſſary, who but fled yeſter-
" day from the terrors of a jail,
" and the juſt reſentment of
" deceived mankind; I ſay,
" when I ſee ſuch a man to-
" day lolling in his chariot on
" the plains of Newmarket, or
" rolling round the country to
" collect an eſtate for his yet
" unheard-of generation, which
" he amaſſes from the folly of
" ſpend-

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" ſpendthrift heirs, who ſacrifice
" their next generation, to that
" miſery and contempt the o-
" ther had juſt now riſen from,
" I am loſt in aſtoniſhment to
" think, that mankind are ſo
" eaſily duped, and ſo quietly
" impoſed upon; but indeed,
" all betrayers of the public
" truſt, have the ſame effron-
" tery and the ſame ſucceſs; of
" which we have had ſeveral
" recent inſtances; for my part
" I muſt confeſs, that I look
" upon the very robbers, who
" ſtrike terror to the midnight
" hours of the wealthy, to be
" by far the honeſter men, ſince
" they generally ſteal from ne-
" ceſſity, with a view only to
" ſatisfy

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" ſatisfy the common calls of
" nature, whilſt the others
" ſtrive to poſſeſs by rapine,
" public injuſtice, and by na-
" tional robbery, more than
" the ſhortneſs of this life will
" give them an opportunity of
" enjoying;---and, for the ſake
" of being opulent for a few
" gaudy days of life, they bold-
" ly (if I may uſe the expreſ-
" ſion) venture to languiſh out
" the unmeaſurable length of
" never to be deſcribed eter-
" nity in unſurmountable mi-
" ſery!"

" Why, my dear Sammy,
" (replied Mrs. Goodwill, yawn-
" ing) you are more violent
" than

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" than I ever recollect to have
" heard you; you must con-
" sider that Mr. Lumber goes
" to court, and may have con-
" nections there; you must be
" very careful to avoid all this
" kind of discourse when you
" come to the hall."

" Nay, my life, (replied the
" priest rather hastily) the king
" himself, were he present,
" should never command an
" alteration of my opinion, if I
" thought that opinion was not
" grafted on justice.---I do not
" expect, my dear, to rise in
" the church by my plainness,
" I must confess; and I know
" what our esquire thinks of
" me

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" me too well, to expect to be
" made a bi————p of by his
" intereſt; for he has had every
" ſatisfactory proof to convince
" him, that he ſhall never be
" able to command my vote in
" a bad cauſe; — odſo! this
" is a very rough dirty road,
" Mrs. Goodwill; I think it
" wants ſmoothing and level-
" ling;---but what was I talk-
" ing of? oh! it was about
" being a bi————p;"---" ay,
" Sammy, (replied Mrs. Good-
" will in raptures) I ſhould like
" to ſee you with a pair of fine
" white lawn ſleeves!"--" ay,
" my dear, but that is what
" will never happen---nor in-
" deed is a thing I greatly wiſh
" for

" for --- it is too important a
" truſt for me! ---The care of
" ſouls, and the good of na-
" tions, at one and the ſame
" time, would confound and
" perplex me; ——— in ſhort, I
" would rather remain as I am;
" —whilſt I am able to preach
" the word, and inform my
" little flock, that there is ano-
" ther world of rewards and
" puniſhments, I myſelf ought
" to be the firſt to think that
" there are rewards from an
" omnipotent God, preferable
" to an old time-ſhaken palace,
" or the lawn ſleeves of a bi-
" ſhop---becauſe theſe rewards,
" like their great and almighty
" Founder,

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" Founder, are eternal, and,
" not like a title, tranſitory."

Mrs. Goodwill, determined not to be behind hand in philoſophy and content, chaſed away the deluſive phantom of a biſhopric and lawn-ſleeves, and bleſſed the honeſt purport of his heart, while young Mrs. Goodwill obſerved, how happy it would be for mankind, could ſuch diſtinguiſhed virtue meet with a ſuitable reward, both for its own ſake and the good of others.--- " I do not know that
" child, (replied the prieſt) as
" I am, I think as a man! —
" were I greater, I might act
" as a monſter! --- I pity now
" the

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" the want and misery of others,
" from the feeling of my own
" inquietudes! --- Were I free
" from those ills, and above the
" cares of life, I might also for-
" get the cares and inquietudes
" of others !---If it were God's
" will, I should like to have
" something more, that I might
" be better able to assist the
" distresses of others ; ---but as
" for myself, I declare I have
" no wish for more content
" than what I am now truly
" master of! ---- Man was not
" born to be entirely happy in
" this life; --- he meets with
" various interruptions;---such
" as, loss of friends--appre-
" hensions of a future change,
" even

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" even in the beſt of men---in-
" ſolence from ſuperiors; which,
" together with a thouſand
" other inevitable accidents,
" make our ſhort pilgrimage
" upon earth leſs tolerable than
" the fatigue would be to a
" man of more moderate de-
" ſires; —a man, whoſe heart
" is void of guilt, and whoſe
" paſſions are the ſubjects of
" his will."

Goodwill here ſtopped, with
" Nay, my dear Mrs. Goodwill,
" I did not mean to provoke a
" tear;—my daughter too!—
" Yet I will not chide! — the
" overflowings of an honeſt
" heart, joined to a mind of

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" real ſenſibility, is a ſacrifice
" not ungrateful to the Moſt
" High!"

" But, my dear Sammy, (re-
" plied Mrs. Goodwill) the very
" thought of parting here, you
" know, would damp the hap-
" pier moments of my life."
" Why then, my dear, let the
" thoughts of meeting in eter-
" nity, eraſe the weakneſs from
" your heart——but I am no
" philoſopher, and muſt con-
" feſs, that on theſe occaſions,
" my own tears are too ready;
" —but let us change the ſub-
" ject.——Odſo! — now you
" may ſee the houſe;—we are
" driving up the avenue;—it
" is

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" is large and ſpacious indeed!
" — In old times, I warrant,
" hoſpitality was the only por-
" ter at the door; — but now
" our fine gentlemen only come
" into the country to live pri-
" vately, and bury themſelves
" for the greateſt part of the
" year in a little box in town,
" with three rooms on a floor!
" — But they muſt all have
" their humours; — city plea-
" ſures may be beſt; —— not
" that I would reſide there, were
" I a biſhop,—unleſs it was to
" give a vote for the good of
" my country, when her un-
" natural ſons were either go-
" ing to ſell or enſlave her."—
" Ah! Sammy, thou wilt ne-

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" ver be a great man with theſe
" principles!"— " Then mind
" me, Peggy;—if to be a great
" man, I muſt have no prin-
" ciples at all, let me remain
" an honeſt one, in full hopes
" that I may be able to con-
" vince the world, that the
" faithful ſervant of his God, is
" greater than the time-ſerv-
" ing, truth-diſguiſing hireling
" of any prince!"

Being now near near the end of their journey, they dropped the ſubject, and amuſed themſelves with the beautiful views the park abounded with, thro' which they were paſſing up to the houſe, which they happily reached

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reached in a few minutes, without any accident, where, if agreeable to the reader, we will leave them, and take a little refreſhment, in order to give us ſpirits to begin and go thro' the next chapter, which is truly intereſting, being chequered with ſorrow, ſurprize, and joy.

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CHAP. XI.

The Arrival; — the Return and affecting Interview of young Mr. Goodwill, his Sister, and Family; — Story of young Mrs. Goodwill; — Dutch Generosity — Seduction and Discovery of young Goodwill's Sister; — the Marriage; — Dinner served up; with the Parson's Observations on powdered Footmen and Sheep's Heads; — the Arrival of Jonathan with the News of the Rector's Death, and his excessive Joy thereat; — with many other Particulars truly worthy of Notice.

JOHN TROTT had no sooner announced the arrival of the visitors, by a treble rap at the door, than all the servants repaired to the carriage to welcome

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come the new gueſts, who were inſtantly uſhered into a large ſaloon; where, by order of Mr. Lumbar, who made one of the party, they were refreſhed with tea, coffee, and chocolate, the uſual morning beverage of the great. The good parſon, indeed, made an oblique hint for a cup of ale and ſome bread and cheeſe; but Mrs. Goodwill, perceiving his drift, gave him a ſignificant wink, which immediately huſhed his deſires.

When the eſquire thought his company were ſufficiently refreſhed, he begged the favour of their attendance in the parlour, where he had a ſcene to

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unfold, which he hoped, and doubted not, in the end, would give them all ſatisfaction and pleaſure. They all nodded aſſent, and ſaid they ſhould obey with chearfulneſs. Mr. Lumbar then begged them to follow him to the next room, where, to their great ſurprize, they were no ſooner arrived, than a young couple in very elegant attire, preſented themſelves on their knees to the good old prieſt and his wife, craving their bleſſing;—but how great was their aſtoniſhment, when they found them to be their long-loſt children; the long-lamented dear-loved children of their hearts; nor tongue can tell,

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tell, nor pen deſcribe the ſituation of each party; — but duty ſoon gave way to filial affection: they inſtantly roſe and claſped the authors of their being in their long-eſtranged arms. — After the firſt raptures of this ecclairciſſement were over, — "Great God Omnipotent! (exclaimed the prieſt) whoſe ways "are wonderful, and far beyond the ſearch of narrow-ſighted man! and do I now enfold thoſe objects of my affection which I ſuppoſed long ſince dead to me? — Is it poſſible that theſe arms ſhould now embrace my ſon and daughter—my long-loſt children—the companions of

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" my youth! — And do I yet
" live to have my old age bleſt
" with their return! — Shall I
" not live to receive comfort
" from their tongues—will now
" their filial piety and affection
" gild with tranquillity the eve
" of my life, and make my
" latter days decline with plea-
" ſure?—Now could I ſay with
" the Pſalmiſt, *Here will I dwell,*
" *for I have a delight therein!*
" Oh, Mrs. Goodwill, this joy
" is too great, too much for me
" to bear; — but it is vain,
" —alas! ſhe hears me not;
" this unexpected general tide
" of joy has overcome her ſpi-
" rits—your wife too George,
" I ſee requires aſſiſtance; —
" haſte

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" haſte to relieve Mr. Lumbar,
" who is now ſupporting her.
" — Who but the Almighty
" can account for the viciſſi-
" tudes of this life? — God of
" our fathers, whoſe all-potent
" will didſt call forth this fair
" ſcene of things; whoſe breath,
" pregnant with life, our two
" firſt parents raiſed; and who
" alone haſt power to reduce
" all things to their primitive
" ſtate, preſerve unto us, we
" beſeech thee, the uſe of our
" ſenſes in this moment of
" trial;—and enable us to bear,
" as we ought, the overflow-
" ings of thy bounty!"

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While the good prieſt was going on at this rate, the eſquire, fearful of the conſequences that might enſue, ſtopt him ſhort, and informed him, that the reſt of the family were not in a ſituation to attend to his pious obſervations, and requeſted his aſſiſtance to extricate them from their ſituations. "Forgive me, my dear Mr. "Lumbar, (exclaimed the par-"ſon) this exceſs of tranſport! "— My children are dear to "me, Mr. Lumbar, and from "this ſtrange revival dearer to "me than ever." When, turning about, his extaſy was ſuddenly changed into fear and anxiety,

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anxiety, by obſerving, that his daughter-in-law had fallen into a ſwoon, and lay almoſt lifeleſs on the breaſt of her huſband; — the amazing revolution in her favour, was too ſudden and too ſtrong for the weakneſs and delicacy of her conſtitution. However, with a little water and hartſhorn, which was quickly brought in, ſhe, to their great joy, began to recover, and by degrees got tolerably well; — the roſe, united with the lily, now began to claim the uſual ſeat of empire: but no ſooner had ſhe recovered the uſe of her ſpeech, than looking on Mr. George Goodwill with the utmoſt

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moſt tenderneſs, ſhe exclaimed, "Support me, Heaven, or I "be diſtracted, overwhelmed "with this flood of unexpected "happineſs! Thus tender, thus "affectionate, how ſhall I bear "the raptures that ſucceed "each other. Claſped in thoſe "dear, thoſe ever faithful "arms. Oh! George, did your "but know my ſtrange ſtory— "what has happened to me in "your abſence—but I rave— "I have ſuffered nothing. Hea-"ven raiſed me a friend in my "diſtreſs. But how has my "life, my huſband, paſſed thro' "all the ſtorms of ill fortune, "and ſtemmed the ſtrong tor-

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" rent of adverſe fate, when
" ſtrong neceſſity mocks the
" weakneſs of humanity?"—

He ſmiled affectionately, and wept by turns. —— " Angel of " my heart (he cried) Provi- " dence did not deſert me— " But what muſt thou have " ſuffered! How often has thy " gentle boſom heaved with " anguiſh. How often have " tears watered thoſe cheeks, " and ſorrows undeſerved, rent " that ſoft boſom—I have felt " for thee, though abſent. I have " borne a part in thoſe griefs, " and ſympathiſed with her " who ever poſſeſſed my heart. " But it is time I ſhould ſatisfy " thee:

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" thee: it is my due to unfold
" all.—The truth ought in all
" things to be ſpoke in com-
" penſation for hours of folly
" paſt.—In ſhort, my uncle at
" Amſterdam had no *goût* for
" Engliſh beggary--he was bare-
" ly civil—no more — I wait-
" ed week after week, in hopes
" yet to ſow ſeed on a barren
" ſoil, and move his ſavage na-
" ture with compaſſion.——At
" length I owned my marriage
" —my hopes were over—he
" told me if that was the caſe, all
" was over indeed, and wiſhed
" my imprudence might be a
" warning to others, as he ſaid,
" I could only expect to ap-
" pear in the debtor ſide of the

" Book

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" Book of Life.——I married
" myſelf, continued he—and
" your aunt is a good ſort of
" body—but ſhe was then paſt
" child-bearing, and had a real
" fortune of twenty thouſand
" Florins--both conditions were
" good.—But this is nothing
" to the purpoſe: I expect more
" from your aunt's family—
" and ſo I ſhall do all I can for
" her relations—therefore here
" —here is a bill of 30 l. take
" it — and ſay I did my beſt
" for you.—And heark'ye!—if
" you can do nothing elſe, lad,
" go to ſea.——Idleneſs brings
" many to the gallows—well,
" George, adieu! I wiſh you
" well.——As to your father,
" bid

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" bid him mind his pulpit, and
" not think of relations in a
" diſtant part of the world,
" when there are no real ties
" in the world, but what de-
" pend upon intereſt.———

" I left Holland—the moſt
" ſelfiſh place upon earth, di-
" rectly; I wrote to you firſt,
" but received no anſwer — I
" knew not what to do, I was
" diſtracted; afterwards I re-
" collected, I had, perhaps, in
" my agony of diſtreſs, written
" to you by the name of Good-
" will, inſtead of the feigned
" name of Hopkins, which
" might be the reaſon of your
" receiving no letter.—At laſt,
" fate

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" fate bore me to Paris, from
" whence I propoſed an inſtant
" return to my native country.
" —I huſbanded my ſmall ſtock
" of money ſo well, as never
" to be in abſolute want, tho,
" I debarred myſelf in a vo-
" luntary manner even of ſome
" of the common neceſſaries of
" life :—but judge how great
" was my ſurprize, when walk-
" ing later than uſual, I ſaw
" the wheel of a coach break
" down on the other ſide the
" ſtreet, in which I ſaw my
" ſiſter elegantly equipt, com-
" ing from a French ball; but
" when I learned her real diſ-
" treſs — how great was my
" agony! — I found that Mr.
" Lum-

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" Lumbar had ſeduced her a-
" broad, on pretence of a ſe-
" cret marriage, being unwill-
" ing to diſoblige his uncle.—
" Her wretched circumſtances
" under a ſtate of abject ſer-
" vitude, had made her belief
" eaſy, and his offers agreeable.
" ——Yet, O my dear father,
" mother, wife; how ſhould I
" beſs Providence that made me
" wretched a while, but afford-
" ed me opportunity of ſaving
" a dear ſiſter from deſtruction.
" In ſhort, I was deſperate;—
" poor as I was and ruined, yet
" my heart was proud ſtill—
" I went to Mr. Lumbar, de-
" manded her from his hands,
" or the juſtice of a gentleman,

" or.

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" or an inſtant marriage.—Her
" tears prevailed over both my
" reſentment and his ſuperio-
" rity of fortune. The couple
" were married in our ambaſ-
" ſador's chapel;—ſeveral Eng-
" liſh were at the ceremony—
" all he aſked in return was, of
" only ſecrecy to be preſerved till
" he returned to England.—
" Several unforeſeen accidents
" have delayed us, or we ſhould
" have been over much ſooner.
" — Never reproach him or
" my ſiſter.—Her error was a
" fortunate one, as it has made
" her and her family. — In-
" deed, amidſt my warmeſt re-
" proaches to her, I pitied the
" poor girl. It is extremely
" hard

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" hard upon the daughter of a
" Miniſter of the Church of
" England, from the inequa-
" lity of church preferments
" in our country, which run
" from palaces to hog-ſtyes.—
" Whilſt ſome are revelling
" above the ſenſe of pain and
" want—I fear even reflection
" —— others are on a level
" themſelves, whilſt they live
" with the meaneſt of the pa-
" riſhioners —— and at their
" deaths, their family that have
" been brought up with ten-
" derneſs and education above
" the common rank, have no
" choice but want or ſervitude,
" beggary or proſtitution."

Now

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Now Mr. and Mrs. Lumbar who had withdrawn, returned, and dinner was ſerved up. The parſon followed;—obſerving it was a great pity in a time of artificial famine like this — a fellow in a livery ſhould wear as much flour in his hair, as would have made a moderate pudding for a ſmall family: while many a poor perſon was obliged (farmers being metamorphoſed into gentlemen, and ſelling only by wholeſale) to eat potatoes or other roots with their ſheep's head and appurtenances; and the latter was not eaſily compaſſed, if there was but a good pack of fox-hounds in the neighbourhood to demand them of

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of the butchers. —— " Dumb " creatures ſhould not be ſtarv- " ed (continued he)—but ſure " it is full as hard for man " that is not dumb, to go with " an empty ſtomach:—indeed, " indeed, I could wiſh we had " better regulations—but what " ſignifies my preaching to a " country audience about theſe " affairs? — they cannot help " themſelves — and thoſe who " preach to the great, too often " miſlead them."

Three days paſt in jollity—the happineſs of the little community were not to be deſcribed.—On the fourth day arrived Jonathan in a *parilous hurry*, as

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as he calls it, and ſpeak to meaſter he muſt.—He was brought into a room whither the prieſt was afterwards conducted, to receive the ambaſſador of his little republic——" Well, Jonathan" — " Ah! Meaſter, Iſe " heard all — and ſo glad, and " to be ſure our Sue, and five " more goſſips got tipſey for " joy, and ſhouted the Metho- " diſt man out of the pulpit laſt " night, I was cruelly pleaſed " —but, ſure; wou'd you think " it, our rector is dead: news " arrived laſt night at twelve: " he died of an indejection— " indeed, his man ſaid that " he were ſorely bad laſt ve- " niſon-ſeaſon, and thought he

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" never would outlive ano-
" ther. — Now, Sir, I am ſo
" glad, they ſay, I cannot ſpeak
" for tears: — they ſay, now
" our great 'Squire has married
" your daughter, it is your's
" of courſe—I ſhall never ſur-
" vive the joy of it, Sir; — it
" will certainly kill me. In-
" deed, one thing does ſome-
" how ſaddle my mirth a little,
" or — as to the living"— " I
" dare ſay, Jonathan, I ſhall
" continue your paſtor — in-
" deed, I would change for
" no earthly advantage. Like
" a good prince, it becomes
" me to love thoſe ſubjects
" who work hard to maintain
" me. In this reſpect, man is
" infe-

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" inferior to the worms; he
" cannot ſpin out of his own
" vitals. There is a chain of
" beings, Jonathan, and often
" the great are, in ſome mea-
" ſure obliged even to the
" meaneſt of their dependants.
" But pray, tell me what is your
" trouble, Jonathan? What is
" it that clouds over the ſun-
" ſhine of your mirth?"—

" Why Sir (replied the good
" man) our neighbour the
" exciſeman — and he knows
" a great deal for ſartain: I
" believe no body will deny
" that; he ſays as he is able
" to talk even with the 'Squire
" himſelf: well then, he tells

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" me, as how all our great
" folks are turned downright
" heathens — they have built
" a place they call a Pantheon
" in London, juſt like a wick-
" ed place of the ſame name
" that there was abroad; and
" this they have filled with
" images and painted idols.
" Good Sir, if ſuch fancies
" ſhould ſpread in the country,
" what will become of us that
" are true Proteſtants? — what
" with Papiſts, Methodiſts, and
" Heathens, we ſhall all be de-
" voured;—or our bones, in-
" ſtead of being laid in graves
" in Chriſtian ſort, with a good
" ſtave or two ſung over them,
" will be uſed for laying foun-
" dations

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" dations for a wall to incloſe
" the wicked works of New
" Babylon."

" Fear not, Jonathan (re-
" plied Mr. Goodwill) but take
" it on my word, there would
" never be a general reſort to
" any ſuch place of idolatry as
" required half a guinea en-
" trance, even if our great ones
" were blind enough literally
" to reſort to ancient heatheiſm.
" ——But, Jonathan, after all,
" this Pantheon, though it is
" called by the name of an idol
" temple that was in Rome, is
" not a place of heathen de-
" votion, but a place of DI-
" VERSION; or if you will, a

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" place of luxury, for dif-
" playing the vanities of
" this fooliſh world. Indeed,
" idleneſs and vice abound; but
" let us hope that times will
" mend, ſo that every honeſt
" man after buffeting with the
" ſtorms of life, may at laſt
" ſit down under his own vine
" in peace and tranquillity."—

Such were the ſentiments of Mr. Goodwill, on whom the living was ſoon after beſtowed; and who by this happy turn of fortune, was enabled to live reſpectably. Happy in his wife, unexpectedly ſo in his children, benevolent in his nature, and now poſſeſſed of his means to prac-

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practiſe acts of charity, he ſpent his days beloving and beloved among his pariſhioners, an example of true Chriſtian piety. His ſon and daughter-in-law reſided near 'Eſquire Lumbar's houſe, at which they were always welcome gueſts; and many were rendered the better for their good fortune.—

All theſe particulars which I have juſt related, ſerved my miſtreſs for topics of diſcourſe, having been a frequent gueſt at young Mr. Goodwill's, whoſe wife did not forget the promiſe ſhe had made of doing ſomething for her former companion.

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Indeed, ſhe remembered it very opportunely; for the company had not been long arrived at the place of deſtination, before a certain Methodiſt declared his reſolution of getting them removed out of the town, tho' the neighbouring Juſtice was ſlow in liſtening to him, and ſome of the principal inhabitants were in their favour. However, Mrs. Crotchet had not been there above three weeks, when ſuch regular informations were laid before his worſhip, as he declared he could not ſlight, the Methodiſt having won over the conſtable and ſome tradeſmen whom the players

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ers did not deal with, to his party.

In conſequence, Mr. Storm-well and his aſſociates were obliged to decamp to the next village, which was about ten miles diſtant, where they met with ſo little ſucceſs, that tho' the good-natured manager contributed to eaſe them, out of what are called his dead ſhares, yet the performers were almoſt in a ſtarving condition, and ready to diſperſe themſelves ſeveral ways, when a letter arrived from Mrs. Goodwill, deſiring Mrs. Crotchet to come to her directly, as ſhe had ſomething in view for her advantage.

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Mrs. Crotchet, you will imagine, was not backward in accepting the invitation, and I who had been long ſince releaſed from the bundle where I was half-ſtarved, and almoſt preſſed to death, and glad to return to my old quarters, was now pleaſed, from motives of curioſity, to accompany her.

On our arrival, my dame was informed, that a female friend of old Mrs. Goodwill's who was then going to London, wanted a houſekeeper. Mrs. Crotchet being properly recommended, undertook this place, though ſhe was heard to declare ſhe would rather Fortune had

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had ſo ordered it as to caſt her lot with a ſingle gentleman.—However, as the wages were good, and ſhe had reaſon to believe the place would be otherwiſe eligible, ſhe thanked thoſe who procured it for her, and ſet off in a poſt-chaiſe for London, after having received ſome little preſents, in token of remembrance, from the Good-will family.

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CHAP. XII.

Character of a young Widow; --- A new Misadventure happens to Mrs. Crotchet, in Consequence of an Intrigue; ---- Comical Situations; ----- Beggars sometimes Choosers; --- Anecdotes of a worshipful Personage and his Family.

MRS. CROTCHET arrived safe with her mistress in London, and was presently introduced to a handsome house, where she had the superintendence of three servants, which with herself made up the family of Mrs. Leeson, who was a widow of about forty, of a healthy constitution, with a face that was comely enough, and

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and once had been really handſome.——

This gentlewoman, though ſhe deſcended from a good family, had herſelf been once a ſervant, but was reſtored to the rank which ſhe formerly held in life, by means of a marriage with an elderly gentleman who was her firſt and laſt maſter.—Unlike too many who are thus unexpectedly advanced in life, ſhe declared the belief, that the humble ſtation ſhe once occupied, had been of ſervice to her, by teaching her to repreſs a pride often entertained by young people of conſiderable fortune or expectations. Mrs. Leeſon's conduct

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conduct was regulated accordingly; and thus by her affability, and a generosity which never swelled into extravagance, she gained the good-will of most persons, but particularly of her servants, to whom she was a kind mistress. She had, however, her weakness — for what mortal of either sex is exempt from frailty! Her's was an amorous disposition, which perhaps might have admitted less apology, had it been more completely gratified in her earlier days. But there was a great disparity in her age, and that of her husband, to whom she proved an obedient and a virtuous wife. This

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was from gratitude, but there was nothing of a ſofter paſſion on the female ſide.

It may be conceived, that a woman in Mrs. Leeſon's ſituation, was not without her ſuitors: indeed ſhe had many; and in this vanity ſhe indulged herſelf; but the part of her conduct which ſome of the "buſy, "talking world" thought proper to cenſure was, that among the fluctuation of lovers, ſhe was ſometimes apt to be particular with ſome favourite one, without drawing to the verge of matrimony.

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An Iriſh officer in the ſea-ſervice, was the preſent object of envy and jealouſy. Mrs. Crotchet had not been long in her place, before ſhe thought ſhe perceived her miſtreſs's partiality to this ſon of Neptune. She knew he had private interviews with the lady; the conſequence was, that ſhe longed to know alſo what paſſed at theſe, and the more ſo, as ſhe was not made a confidante; for indeed, nobody in the family was intruſted on theſe occaſions. But this circumſtance did not ſeem to be found policy, as it was impoſſible for the captain, as he was called, to come and go

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go entirely unobſerved. Ever ſince Mrs. Crotchet had been houſekeeper, however, it had been cuſtomary to ſuffer no other ſervants to remain in the manſion during theſe interviews.

Now the dæmon of curioſity, as we have before hinted, working ſtrongly upon her, ſhe was reſolved to take the firſt opportunity of diſcovering whatever ſhe could as to the deportment of the lady and gentleman in their *tête-à-têtes*.——— Preparatory to the accompliſhment of this deſign, ſhe had found means of making an aperture over the door of the chamber

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ber where they uſually ſpent an hour together, which ſhe artfully filled up, ſo as not be noticed, till ſhe choſe to open it for the purpoſe aforeſaid.

One evening, the captain coming, according to his uſual cuſtom, the ſervants having been diſpatched ſeveral ways, when Mrs. Crotchet had uſhered him up ſtairs, and concluded that the converſation was begun, ſhe mounted on a pair of ſteps which ſhe had at hand, in order to apply her eye to the peep-hole, which was ſo contrived as to command a view of the whole room.——It was not a bed-chamber: there was neither

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ther bed nor couch in the apartment; but there was a ſettee, on which the captain and Mrs. Leeſon reclined in a very amorous ſituation. While my good dame Crotchet was gazing on this ſcene, as the calls of hunger were ſtrong upon me, I gave her a bite, which chancing to be on a tender part, ſhe gave a ſudden ſtart at the interruption, and the ſteps, which were rather old and crazy, ſlipt, and fell forward againſt the door. The living and the dead weight united, were too ſtrong for reſiſtance; —— the lock, which was not formed to encounter ſo ſtrong an attack, gave way, and in bounced, involuntarily, the curious

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curious houſekeeper, feet forward, ſo that the drapery was quite thrown aſide; nor could "the fainter lawn" — if lawn it was—conceal any of her antiquated charms. — The lady bluſhed; the gentleman ſtormed; after a pauſe, like that of the ſcreen-ſcene in the School for Scandal, had held all paries for a moment in mute ſuſpence.

"Are you not aſhamed," (ſaid Mrs. Leeſon at laſt, muſtering up her ſpirits) "are you "not aſhamed, Crotchet, to "behave in ſuch a manner?— "fy on your rudeneſs; fye "on your indecency."———— "Mercy! cried the houſe-

"keeper,

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" keeper, when ſome people
" talk of indecency, they ought
" to look at home, one cannot
" help falling; but people
" might help" — " Hold your
" tongue, Mrs. Impertinence!"
" Ay! ay, nobody loves to
" be touched in a ſore place;
" that is no news. To be ſure
" I ſay nothing; but *a guilty*
" *conſcience needs no accuſer.*
" At leaſt one cannot be hang-
" ed for thinking."——" But
" you may loſe your place for
" your impudence, huſſey!"—

Mrs. Crotchet little brooked this treatment, on the one hand; whilſt, on the other, not only her lady, but the captain, threatened

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ened aloud. Juſt at this inſtant, Betty, the houſe-maid, knocked at the door, and her ſuperior withdrew, muttering, from the ſcene of altercation, while the captain and Mrs. Leeſon came down into the parlour. The former preſently took his leave; and he was not long gone, before the latter ſeeing that ſhe had been rather too haſty in her reproofs to one that had ſeen more than ſhe could wiſh, ſent for the curious dame, in order to have ſome private converſation with her. Perhaps the ſagacious reader will gueſs the general tenor of it.—The intent was to ſoothe her, which Mrs. Leeſon knew

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knew well how to do, without departing from her own ſtation. Some arguments properly addreſſed, and enforced with a little preſent, ſerved to ſweeten Mrs. Crotchet's otherwiſe diſturbed temper; inſomuch that it was not doubted but ſhe would keep ſilence with regard to the circumſtance above related.

But it is not every body that can keep a ſecret. Notwithſtanding the conceſſions that had been made to the party ſuppoſed to be aggrieved, the whole of the buſineſs was communicated, not only to Betty, who indeed was by no means a

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tatler, but alſo to the other ſervants; and in conſequence, was preſently diſcovered to thoſe who knew how to tell a ſtory with additions, which were needleſs in a matter of ſuch a nature. As the lady could not eaſily be ſuppoſed not to hear of it, and muſt neceſſarily be ſenſible where it originated, the inevitable conſequence was the diſcharge of Mrs. Crotchet; but before this took place, being willing to remain in the family, and never greatly ſatisfied with ſuch quarters as the houſe-keeper afforded me, I took an opportunity, when ſhe was in cloſe converſation with the houſe-maid, of hopping to the hand-

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handkerchief of the latter, from whence I quickly deſcended within her ſtays, and lay as cloſe as a boſom-friend, in a ſpot where the prominences on either ſide well concealed me.

Betty was a good-natured girl, as well as a good ſervant; and if ſhe had not fallen under the predicament of being *too young*, would have ſucceeded Mrs. Crotchet in the place of houſe-keeper, acting alſo as waiting-woman occaſionally. But not being of an aſpiring diſpoſition, ſhe was contented when ſhe ſaw that poſt filled by another, who being a foreigner, made herſelf very agreeable. Mrs.

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Leeſon, though ſhe wanted not for good ſenſe, nor poſſeſſed that pride which is called haughtineſs, was not without the little vanities incident to her ſex, and peculiarly ſo to moſt amorous widows; therefore Madame la Friponne eaſily ingratiated herſelf, taking eſpecial care to tell no diſguſting truths, and being always ready to flatter the prevailing foibles of her miſtreſs.

It frequently happens, indeed, that "ſuch flaws are found "in the moſt worthy natures," and theſe flaws are ofen productive of inconvenience.——Thus it happened with regard to

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to the lady in queſtion; for Ma damoiſelle la Friponne, whenever her miſtreſs lamented the cenſures of the world ſeemed to caſt upon her, uſed all the rhetoric ſhe poſſeſſed, in perſuading her not to mind them. "De *vorld!* Mon Dieu! Vat "is dat? In France it be de "term ve give to de canaille, "de vulgar, to *every body*, dat "is, to nobody dat one knows "or dat one cares for. — De "peuple of leetel minds, let "dem regard de *vorld*; but "vat is de *vorld* to de perſon of rank or fortune? "And, ven all is ſaid, who ſhall "be de judge for you, madam, "as to vat is your pleaſure or

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" your vantage, or your in-
" clination? Who but yourſelf?
" Love is von grande object of
" life—vive l'amour! and let
" all de *vorld* vid deir viſdom
" go to de diable!"

Mrs. Leeſon, like too many, was ready enough to liſten, as Betty uſed to ſay, to ſuch reaſoning or perverſion of reaſon, call it which you pleaſe; and, to be brief, ſhe gave herſelf up ſo entirely to her captain, that the fruits of their cloſe connexion becoming viſible, a marriage was urged with a perſon not worth a penny, as the means of preſerving her reputation.

This

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This was what the Iriſhman wanted, who, without the open regular addreſſes adopted by her other lovers, had played off his private battery againſt the weaker part of the fortreſs.—They were united, but not happily; for, from the moment Mrs. Leeſon became Mrs. Donnelly, ſhe bade adieu to that chearfulneſs and felicity which had been the companions of her former ſtate. The Hibernian, who was one of the ungenerous claſs of his countrymen, no ſooner became her huſband, than he grew her tyrant.——Her days being thus made unhappy by his behaviour, ſhe began moſt ardently

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to wiſh for a ſeparation; but her good conſort ſaved her the trouble of a formal one. He had drawn what money ſhe had out at intereſt, in right of a huſband, and no ſettlement had been made: to this he added the meanneſs of poſſeſſing himſelf of her plate and jewels, and what ready caſh he could find, and ſet off for the Continent, leaving his ſpouſe, who had borne one child that died of the ſmall-pox, a ſecond time pregnant, a few months after this unproſperous marriage.

Betty, with whom, as I have told you, I was now quartered, had thus before her a ſad example

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ample of a female's yielding up her reaſon to the government of her paſſions.—The girl was amorous as well as her miſtreſs. Nature, which gave her a ſanguine complexion, and a full healthy form, had caſt her in ſuch a mould; but thus taught a little by the experience of another, ſhe acquired command enough of herſelf to forbear granting the laſt favour to any of her ſweethearts; for like Mrs. Leeſon, ſhe had more than one; at the ſame time, ſhe had her particular favourite. It was true, however, that Betty granted him ſo many indulgences that I ſometimes trembled for her virtue, as well as for my

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own exiſtence, when this eager lover explored ſome of my moſt ſecret haunts, to which perſons of a ſtricter virtue would never have given any one acceſs. Once, in particular, when I was poſted in that ſpot where firſt I took ſhelter, I remember I was very near ſqueezed to death by his amorous preſſure; however, thank my ſtars! I eſcaped that, as well as other dangers, being reſerved by deſtiny to write this hiſtory, for the information and entertainment of the public.

But to proceed.—Beſides the aforeſaid weakneſs, which ſhe adopted reſolution enough to reſtrain

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reſtrain within bounds, this girl had another that ſhe indulged to a moſt ſilly extravagance. It was the wiſh of knowing her fortune.—Cards, omens, tea or coffee-grounds, Gipſies were, in turn, applied to; and though it neceſſarily happened that the events thus ſeverally foretold, often contradicted each other, yet her faith in ſuch ſort of predictions was unſhaken. Gentle reader, will you here indulge me, with a digreſſion?—The ſentiments are drawn from Mr. Goodwill, with whoſe diſpoſition you have been fully acquainted.

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Perhaps, of all the follies to which the human mind is ſubject, he would ſay, there is ſcarcely any one more abſurd in itſelf, than the deſire of prying into futurity, and the means adopted to gratify it.——It is allowed this diſpoſition has prevailed from the earlieſt ages.—Aſtrologers, magicians, &c. were conſulted in ancient times: oracles were likewiſe held in repute; but when did the predictions of any of theſe contribute to the ſervice of thoſe who conſulted them? The anſwers of all were equivocal; nor did they even pretend they could accelerate the good, or avert the evil they affected to foretel. If they

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they could not, of what conſequence was it to conſult them? Were it granted that any human being could give you a tranſcript of that page in the book of Fate which relates to what ſhall happen to you in future, as life generally abounds with ills, what would reſult from your foreknowledge without the power of preventing any evil that was in future to befal you; what but embittering the enjoyments of the preſent hour; what but the loading you with a weight of care and anxiety?

After all, from whence can ſuch a knowledge be derived?

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In this enlightened age the idea of magic is exploded; nor can the evil ſpirit be ſuppoſed to be poſſeſſed of ſuch preſcience. That is the attribute of the Deity, who alone can tell what ſhall befal the creatures of his hand.——As to the ſtars, the planets, &c. they fulfil their place in the creation; but their configurations can never affect our fate or our diſpoſitions. Hear a part of their reaſoning who affect to believe the contrary.—They aſcribe to the ſun and moon; to Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury, and the ſtars, moſt of the qualities which the heathens were accuſtomed to give to the fictitious deities

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deities known by thoſe names. Is it not the height of abſurdity at this time to believe ſuch vanities? And beſides, (as a certain emperor enquired of a perſon, who pretended to caſt his nativity) if the poſition of the heavenly bodies is ſuppoſed to determine the fate of a perſon born under ſuch or ſuch a configuration, how many thouſands muſt neceſſarily be born exactly to the ſame fortune, in regard to proſperity, adverſity, health, ſickneſs, life or death? And as he added, "What numbers muſt be born to be emperors, by this ſcheme, who perhaps have lived and died beg-

" beggars and vagrants upon " the earth ?"

Nor can any of theſe boaſters tell what ſhall befal themſelves, which certainly ought more nearly to concern them than the fate of others ; a great proof indeed of the truth of their pretended ſcience, and the vaſt uſe of their affected knowledge of events!

Yet ſuch are the abſurdities which people run into, that thoſe who will ſcarcely give credit either to ſacred or mathematical truths will readily believe, that ſome men, on account of their excellence and learning, and ſome

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ſome old women, on account of their age, ignorance and deformity, cannot only foretel events, but inflict evils out of the common courſe of nature on ſuch as they take an antipathy againſt; as if the Ruler of the Univerſe would thus ſuffer any beings to ſport with the happineſs of their fellow-creatures, or diſpoſe, at will, of the works of his creation, in order to ſuit their caprice, or gratify their evil inclinations!—

Reader, if ſuch arguments as theſe will not convince you of the folly of truſting to theſe old wives fables, Mr. Goodwill cannot but give you up as incorrigible.

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rigible. Having given you his opinions on the ſubject, I ſhall now continue the thread of my hiſtory.

Betty, as I have obſerved, being ſo ſtrongly addicted to the ideas of fortune-telling, never ſlipped an opportunity of gratifying her favourite inclination. ——Among the reſt who pretended to this ſcience was a poor woman, who having dyed her ſkin pretty deeply with the juice of walnut-ſhells, &c. in the double capacity of a beggar and fortune-teller, conducted herſelf according to the diſpoſition of thoſe thoſe to whom ſhe made her application.

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As ſhe called frequently at Mrs. Leeſon's, who always encouraged her ſervants to diſpoſe of the broken victuals, and at certain times gave them money to beſtow on objects of charity, this woman became one of the houſe-maid's penſioners; and ſeeing a little into her diſpoſition, whiſpered (for it was pretended to be a great ſecret) "That ſhe could tell her for-"tune."

This was to be done by chiromancy, (the knowledge of the lines of the hand) joined to that of the diſpoſition of the ſtars, with which the impoſtor pretended alſo to be acquainted, having

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having once lived with an aſtrologer or conjuror, and learned enough of his jargon to paſs upon ſervant-maids and ſuch ſort of perſons, amidſt all her dirt and rags, for an adept in this boaſted ſcience.

In this pretended Gipſey's hands, Betty was now ſilly enough to depoſit a quantity of ſilver which ſhe had ſaved, in crowns, half-crowns, and ſhillings, on a promiſe, that under ſuch a particular influence of the ſtars, they ſhould be changed to broad pieces of gold, guineas, and half-guineas, after ſhe had muttered ſome charms over them, which ſhe ſaid would take

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take up about an hour. This being agreed to, the beggar returned at the time appointed, to ſhew her honeſty, and to redeem ſome books of fortune-telling, &c. which ſhe had left as pledges behind her. As the money had been given her in a packet, ſealed up, according to her direction, ſo ſhe returned it with the ſeals all apparently unbroken, with the addition of ſome ſtrange characters written on the back of it.——Having taken a crown, in earneſt of what ſhe was to receive for this wonderous metamorphoſis, ſhe directed the credulous Betty (whoſe good fortune in marriage, &c. ſhe had already foretold)

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told) not to open the packet till four hours afterwards, being exactly the hour of midnight. As a Flea of ſagacity, I was inclined to doubt the Gipſey's integrity, and had juſt then ſkipped to the peak of Betty's cap, in order to take a view of this wonder-worker, when lo! a ſudden guſt of wind blew me from thence to the tattered cloak of the perſon whom I was ſurveying with ſo much attention. I immediately got under it, and ſought for ſhelter in a boſom far different from that where I had been lately harboured, giving the old hag two or three nips, rather by way of revenge than for any great ſuſtenance

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tenance that I could expect to derive from her withered carcase.

She was now near sixty years of age.—Born in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's, her mother was a fruit-woman that wheeled a barrow thereabouts, and in the purlieus of Drury-lane and Covent-garden. Her father, whom the bonds of matrimony never united to his partner, was one who swept chimneys for his bread; but not confining himself to that honest employment, having made free with some articles that were not his own, was sentenced to transportation; and being already very

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very ill of a certain diſtemper communicated to him by his wife, as ſhe was called, died on his paſſage.

Brown Sal as ſhe was now called, had ſince her companion's death, while young, lived occaſionally with particular friends, by ſelling fruit, or, as it might occaſionally ſerve, upon the common. In all theſe ſeveral capacities, for ſeveral years ſhe met with tolerable ſucceſs; till at laſt, age prevented her from exerciſing the principal of her occupations; when obſerving how happily, according to the vulgar acceptation of the word, the people called beggars gene-

rally

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rally lived, she resolved to take up the profession, joining it to that of fortune-telling, as has been already related.

To these honourable callings, she besides occasionally added a little slight of hand, which sometimes enabled her to make money at the expence of other people. In this latter, though generally successful, yet she now and then met with misadventures. Among these might be reckoned her being whipped once in London, and twice in the country; but Sal had too much fortitude, in her way, to let such little matters discompose her in her undertakings: she

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ſhe perſevered with an unconquered ſpirit, and had been both a beggar and a fortune-teller for the ſpace of ten years before I was quartered upon her.

I ſoon learned that ſhe had cheated the credulous Betty, as I had before ſuſpected. She had looſened the ſeals, and cloſed them again, by a device well known, leaving in the room of the ſilver a parcel of bad halfpence, doits, and pocket-pieces, which afforded the poſſeſſor of them the proof of a lamentable metamorphoſis; and ſo far, at leaſt, cured her of her folly, as to occaſion her forbearing any connexion

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nexion with ſuch itinerant gentry for the future.—

Whilſt I remained with Sal, I found myſelf in the midſt of a numerous ſociety of my own ſpecies, though I obſerved ſeveral of them dejected, and the generality ready to change their place of abode whenever an opportunity offered. The reaſon was, that their ſupporter being neither young nor healthy, though ſhe fared well, the ſituation could not be agreeable.

I ſay, though ſhe fared well; for being introduced with her to her acquaintance, I found their way of life in general to

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be much the ſame as writers have repreſented it, apparently wretched in the ſtreet, but moſt jovial at their convivial meetings.—I have known companies of them ſit down to the beſt of meat, with plenty of good liquors, carouſing, ſwearing, and exhibiting in St. Giles's, a diſſipation of manners, in vulgar life, equalling in their way and line the extravagances of their continually cenſured betters in the neighbourhood of St. James's.

It was at one of theſe feſtive meetings, that I took an opportunity of ſhifting my quarters, which I did by a ſtrong leap from

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from her arm to that of fair-haired Lucy, who ſat next her.

Lucy was a young girl who had lately been received into this honourable community.—She was born of poor parents. Her father, who was a working man, died when ſhe was about thirteen years of age, her mother ſoon after followed him to the ſhades. The girl had been put out to ſervice, but meeting with a bad miſtreſs, quitted her ſituation, and acquired ſuch idle habits as reduced her by degrees, for want of money and of character, to beggary. She was healthy, comely, and more cleanly by far

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in her rags, than could have been expected.—With the little education she had, she was superior to most of the crew, at the same time that she had a manner apparently artless, which recommended her to the worst among them.

Lucy was now fifteen, and she was yet a virgin, though she was not without her hair-breadth 'scapes on this occasion; and it must be acknowledged, that she had got into a wrong seminary for the preservation of virtue. But, the old proverb says, "Necessity "has no law;" and she was obliged to submit to her destiny.

It

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It chanced one day, that while Lucy was parading the ſtreets, with me concealed under her ſleeve, a perſon whom ſhe ruſhed by in her haſte, and who had by ſome means loſt his watch, laid hold of her, inſiſting that ſhe had taken it; and ſhe was conveyed before a juſtice, though it was evident that nothing would be found upon her, though a perſon in company pretended that he ſaw her convey ſomething to a fellow behind her, who (he ſaid) ran inſtantly off with it.

Though nothing could be a greater miſtake than the conception of the firſt, nothing

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more falſe than the aſſertion of the latter, yet the ragged condition of Lucy, and her profeſſion of a beggar, were looked on as ſufficient grounds of ſuſpicion, as often ſuch circumſtances have been, againſt the innocent. On ſuch preſumption ſhe appeared at the uſual levée of Juſtice Trimmer, who finding no evidence that could criminate, diſcharged her, after a longer examination than a matter of ſuch a nature required; and at her departure cauſed her to be followed till ſhe was traced to a wretched lodging near the Black Dog in Broad St. Giles's.

Some

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Some time after, ſhe was ſent for, and though not at home, was found in a neighbouring ſtreet where ſhe had taken up her ſtand for begging, and told that a gentleman wanted to ſpeak with her at a public houſe in the vicinity.

After a moment's heſitation, ſhe went with the meſſenger, and was introduced into a back room; where ſhe found no leſs a perſon than him who erſt armed with all the terrors of the law had cauſed her to tremble, waiting in the moſt ſocial and agreeable manner to receive her.——

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The juſtice, though above threeſcore, was one, who according to the old proverb, had yet a colt's tooth in his head. He queſtioned the girl, as to her ſituation, and receiving anſwers which aroſe from truth and ſimplicity, magnified his own lenity in not having committed her as a vagrant. Lucy acknowledged the favour, and the juſtice, being now quite mild, grew alſo more familiar. When he began to take liberties, ſimple as ſhe was, ſhe thought a little coyneſs neceſſary; however, in the end, ſhe yielded ſo far as to ſhew him, that any thing might be done in proper time and place, and upon certain

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tain conditions.—For her temporary compliance, his worſhip made her a preſent of a couple of guineas, deſiring her to mend her appearance, and meet him the next evening at a more convenient place of appointment. When he kiſſed the laſs at parting, I was on her neck, which perceiving, the unmerciful wretch took me off, and attempted to kill me by rubbing me between his fingers; but I ſlipt through them, and the frill of the ſhirt, at that time being luckily open, I fell into his boſom, where I lay without ſtirring for a conſiderable time, being much bruiſed; and, beſides, afraid if I ſhould

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be caught by my ſudden move-ment, that this old ſinner would put me to death by torture.

However, I found myſelf ſafe enough, and had the opportunity of taking ſome notice of the juſtice's conduct. He went the next day, and appointed an hour to meet his Dulcinea; but ſhe appeared not. He waited above two hours, when, as he was juſt going away, the land-lady appeared, who told his worſhip, after many previous curteſies, that ſhe was ſorry to inform him that Lucy had quit-ted her houſe, having firſt dreſſed herſelf quite *fine*, as ſhe was peaſed to call it, and that ſhe

was

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was gone off with a genteel young man, who had ſeen her home on the firſt evening of her change of apparel; not forgetting to leave her thanks to a certain gentleman for all favours, with an obſervation, that ſhe believed ſhe ſhould never ſee him more.

Juſtice Trimmer was not ſufficiently maſter of himſelf to diſſemble his reſentment. He uttered ſome expreſſions not quite becoming his worſhipful ſituation; regretted that "beggars ſhould "be chuſers;" and, in his anger, gave poor fair-haired Lucy moſt heartily to the d——l---for preferring a youth of nineteen, to an old man of ſeventy.

CHAP. XIII.

Memoirs of the worſhipful Perſonage;--- A Metamorphoſis brought about by female Influence;--- Various Characters, as drawn from the Life;--- With ſuitable Reflexions;--- being rather a ſhort Chapter.

THE worſhipful juſtice Trimmer was one of thoſe whom fortune chuſes to treat as a favourite. He was born in the north of England, and his parents, who had only two children, this their eldeſt hope, and a girl a year younger, had no other expectation than of bringing him up to earn his daily bread by working in the coal-mines,

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mines, with which thoſe parts abounded. To this labour he was actually conſigned, and was as well contented with his lot as thoſe of his fellows who ſhared in the like trials with himſelf, till, when he had attained his ſeventeenth year, his ſiſter who had gone to London to ſeek for a ſervice, having met with the good luck of pleaſing a ſingle gentleman, was taken into keeping, and permitted to ſend for this her brother to town, in order to provide for him. Some time and money being ſpent in teaching him writing and accounts, he was articled to an eminent merchant; and having poliſhed his rude

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rude manners, chanced to pleaſe both his maſter and the niece; a girl who was ſo forward, that at an early age it was deemed proper to marry her. Young Trimmer, juſt then out of his clerkſhip, was pitched on to be the perſon, both becauſe Miſs, who was indulged in every thing, gave him the preference before any of her ſuitors, and becauſe her truſtees looked upon him as the beſt perſon to whom he could leave a buſineſs in which he had appeared to take delight, eſpecially as the old gentleman had no male relations who were near enough of kin, and ſufficiently eſteemed to bequeath to them that or

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any other remembrance of him.—

Mr. Trimmer therefore ſucceeded to the bride and to the buſineſs, his wife's uncle retiring to ſpend the remainder of his days in the country, where he died, and left the young couple all he was poſſeſſed of; including a conſiderable ſum of money in the ſtocks, and a landed eſtate of upwards of 200 *l. per annum.*

After having long carried on trade ſucceſsfully, Mr. Trimmer alſo retired, but not into the country; he rather choſe to fix his quarters at the polite end of the

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the town, and (having obtained a *dedimus*) from an operator in the coal-mines at N———, he at laſt became a Weſtminſter juſtice.

And why not? There are countries where tranſitions as extraordinary and more ſudden are known to have happened; and where a vender of cakes has been made a prince and privy-counſellor, and a common carrier advanced to the high degree of a prime miniſter.

Juſtice Trimmer was reſolved to do all that, in his opinion could merit the honour conferred

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red on him. Having no ſettled principles to ſway his conduct, he was whatever the Man-mountain for the time, was or choſe his ſupporters ſhould be. —A whig with the whig, a tory with the tory, a vicar of Bray; he made it his ſtudy to fall in with that party which had the *power* of obliging him, in order that the *will* might follow. People often found fault with him, and cenſured him for ſuch conduct; but to be ſure it was below his *worſhip* to notice their cenſures. He was a man of conſequence, and he demeaned himſelf accordingly.

I for-

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I forgot to tell you, that his ſiſter luckily proving with child, had the addreſs to perſuade her keeper to marry her. The child died in the month, as did its father at the year's end, leaving the bulk of his fortune to Mrs. Wealthy, late Miſs Trimmer, who held up her head in the world accordingly. Though it was ſaid, now ſhe was become a widow, ſhe was not without her intrigues, yet ſhe reſolved never to venture on a ſecond match; ſettling her fortune, in caſe ſhe ſhould die firſt, on Juſtice Trimmer, and the iſſue of his body lawfully begotten.

That

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That iſſue was Dick Trimmer, who being an only ſon, was indulged, and ſpoiled accordingly. He had gone to grammar-ſchool, and the univerſity of Oxford, and he returned with as little improvement as the ſon of the firſt gentleman of the land could do. He drank, wenched, gamed, and was known for a buck of the firſt head. His viſits to the church were rare indeed, more frequent at the play-houſe, but moſt of all, at the bagnio and gaming-table. As to his father, he came to ſee him when he was in want of pecuniary aſſiſtances, and the old gentleman was recompenſed for the caſh he ſupplied him with,

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with, by the conſideration of the ſpirit he ſhewed in expending it.

Juſtice Trimmer, as we have ſeen, had his follies as well as his ſon, though ſo many winters had whitened over his hairs, in the room of which his head was covered with a peruke, ſtill more whitened over with powder.——Nor was he more officially diligent than he was morally or politically virtuous. He affected great ſkill at certain times, and ſpoke in the higheſt terms of the dignity and importance of the commiſſion he held, which at other times he was too apt to diſgrace.

He

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He loved the parade of authority, and was peculiarly fond of being *worſhipped.* — Now I cannot pretend to deviſe, what ſentiments you may entertain, my good reader, on this ſubject; but I muſt be allowed to tell you, that in the opinion of an inſect, it appears abſurd in any man (himſelf but the inſect of a day) to expect or affect to be called *worſhipful.* — Cuſtom indeed is pleaded for this title; but it is certainly as ridiculous at leaſt, in its empty ſound, as it would be impious in its actual application.

At the ſame time, this magiſtrate who wiſhed to be *worſhipped.*

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ſhipped, frequently conducted himſelf ſo ill, as to forfeit not only the reſpect attendant on magiſtracy, but even that due to a man. — He was generally too much actuated by prejudice to be free and impartial in his determinations; and his inclinations to arbitrary deciſions, rendered him often unfit to decide at all upon affairs the moſt important.

With ſuch a diſpoſition, and poſſeſſed of ſo few good qualities, any one endowed with but a moderate ſhare of underſtanding might perceive by what prevailing power he was conſtituted and ſupported; but they wonder

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wonder not at theſe things who have made mankind their ſtudy. Wealth and intereſt are ſuch common ſubſtitutes for abilities and integrity, that the caſe is continually occurring; and men, in general, may conclude it to be *a thing of courſe* for ſuch as poſſeſs the former in any conſiderable degree, to care little about the latter.—

Such was the *worſhipful* Juſtice Trimmer; while his ſon ſeemed labouring to make the old proverb true, "Neither good egg, nor bird," as we have already begun to ſhew the reader.

When

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When Dick was on one of his filial viſits, as he was converſing with the juſtice, happening to bite his worſhip's neck pretty ſmartly, he endeavoured to catch me between his finger and thumb; but I leaped, unobſerved, upon Dick's laced waiſtcoat, from whence I ſoon made way to his ſhirt, and in due time got a ſituation next his ſkin; which, however, I was often obliged to change, eſpecially when he ſhifted his linen, from a regard to my perſonal ſafety.

Whilſt I remained with this young gentleman, I had the opportunity

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portunity of obſerving a buck's life, which I believe to be much the ſame in all the reſpectable perſons who come under that deſcription. I was often witneſs to bilking of wh——es and hackney-coachmen, knocking down watchmen, and the conſequences attending it, of "durance vile,"—and was privy to the commiſſion of all thoſe acts of debauchery, which return in a conſtant round during the courſe of ſuch a life. Theſe, I ſuppoſe, to have been already ſo well deſcribed by abler pens than mine, that I ſhall not detain the reader with a detail of them. I ſhall only ſay, that my abode with him was not

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long, and mention the circumſtance which occaſioned me to change my quarters. As young Mr. Trimmer was buſied in pulling about a little millener, I fell from his locks, in which I had been entangled, upon her handkerchief, and ſoon got myſelf into a cloſer connexion with her.—However, my abode with the young woman was the ſhorteſt that I had made with any perſon of either ſex, ſince firſt I was brought into exiſtence. — Juſt after her return, as ſhe ſtood behind the counter, a lady about nineteen entered, in order to purchaſe ſome articles in that way; and while ſhe was bargaining for them, a ſudden

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ſudden application of mine, obliging the girl to diſturb me, I came out from my hiding-place, and took refuge, though unſeen with the fair cuſtomer; and I had the pleaſure of being carried home with her.

The name of this lady was Louiſa M——, ſhe was the daughter of a worthy tradeſman in conſiderable buſineſs: ſhe had received an education ſuitable to her genius, and was endowed with many conſiderable accompliſhments, together with an affability and ſweetneſs of temper which cauſed her to be beloved by all that knew her. —— Her perſon was as

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amiable as her mind. She was about the middle ſize; of a fair complexion, with amber locks, fine blue eyes, and a ſkin of a dazzling whiteneſs; the roſe and lily vied in her complexion. Her neck reſembled ivory, and while her ſhape was formed in the exacteſt ſymmetry, down to her taper waiſt, her full boſom that heaved "with youth "wild throbbing," when by chance any parts of it was revealed, diſplayed a full and pure expanſe of animated ſnow.—

What a pity that ſuch a fine creature ſhould have any thing to make her unhappy! but infelicity is the lot of humanity. She

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She had met with a diſappointment of that kind which moſt affects young people. She had loved, and was beloved by a youth, whoſe mind and perſon were alike engaging, but, alas! his rank in life was deemed too high for her by thoſe who pretended to judge for him. He was the nephew and heir of a baronet of large eſtate, and allied to nobility. His uncle could not endure to think his kinſman ſhould marry, as he ſaid, ſo far beneath him, though this *good* old gentleman was heard to declare, "That if it had been "only an affair of gallantry with "the girl [for *gallantry*, rather "read *infamy*] then he ſhould

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not have disapproved it."——— As it was, he had sent the young gentleman abroad on his travels two years before, with a resolution to look out for what he might think a more suitable match for him before his return to England.

Louisa had pined much in his absence, as all correspondence between the lovers had been prevented; but having heard the arrival of the youth was shortly expected, hope began to revive in her bosom, restoring those charms whose lustre grief had before impaired. Her father indeed, had continually exhorted her to arm herself

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ſelf with fortitude againſt the diſappointment of ſuch hope, which he had reaſon to apprehend would be inevitable.—He, indeed, highly approved of the choice of her heart; but argued to convince her, where this interfered with her duty or apparent advantage. He argued to convince his daughter's *reaſon*; but *paſſion* is not ſo eaſily convinced, and expectations will riſe upon the ſlighteſt grounds, where they are nurſed by ſtrong deſires.

This was the caſe of Louiſa. Her lover arrived, ſought, and obtained a private interview with her; but all the tidings

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ſhe received were of a diſagreeable nature. His uncle had been as good as his word, in looking out for a woman with whom he intended to unite him. He found one in the perſon of a rich widow of a middle age, the relict of a Knight, and couſin to a nobleman famous upon the turf.

The widow poſſeſſed not, nor had ſhe ever any powerful attractions, except of ſuch a nature as thoſe above-mentioned; and ſuch could have made no impreſſion on Charles Saville, even if his heart had not been previouſly diſpoſed of to one of the moſt engaging of her ſex.—

But

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But it was in vain to plead all this to the old gentleman, who was at this time rendered more ill-humoured. Charles had offered to marry Louiſa at all hazards; but ſhe had ſtrenuouſly refuſed to take a ſtep, which at ſuch a juncture, was only likely to tend to the ruin of the perſon whom ſhe moſt loved on earth, as well as involving herſelf with him in endleſs embarraſſments, as ſhe was ſenſible her father would never conſent to ſuch a marriage, and would be provoked beyond meaſure if it was ſolemnized without his knowledge.—He was ignorant of this meeting, by which Louiſa was almoſt

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almoſt ready to blame herſelf for conſenting; and, notwithſtanding the mutual inclination of both parties to ſee and converſe together after ſuch an abſence, yet they ſeemed to part leſs ſatisfied than they had met; ſo little often are people able to eſtimate juſtly what will give them pleaſure in various ſituations.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIV.

Being the LAST, *but not the leaſt entertaining in the Book*; --- *Containing an Eſcape*; --- *A meeting with an old Acquaintance*; --- *Two Lovers made happy*; --- CONCLUSION.

AN inſect of ſuch feelings as I have deſcribed myſelf to be (and it is from this work only that you can learn my character) could not but compaſſionate the ſufferings of thoſe whoſe misfortunes were not the conſequence of their demerits. Louiſa M—— was not of ſuch a diſpoſition as to be loud in complainings; but often

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often have the tears trickled from her lovely eyes in ſecret; often in ſecret has her boſom heaved with ſighs, that boſom open to my viſits, but where Charles at that time would have the riches of worlds, had he poſſeſſed them, to repoſe himſelf. It was on her fair breaſt that I was ſettled one morning at my eaſe, not in the leaſt dreaming how ſoon I was to change my ſituation, when unluckily and fatally as it was likely to have proved for me, I was diſcovered by the young lady's maid, Molly, before I had time to avail myſelf of my ſwiftneſs to eſcape her.

The

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The mercileſs jade exclaiming, "Bleſs me, madam, what "a naſty black thing is here," took hold of me, and walking towards the chimney, immediately caſt me, as ſhe thought, into the fire; but I had the good fortune to fall between the bars on the hearth, and to hop unnoticed to the carpet, where I remained for ſome hours.——— The very next time that this wench came into the room, I found means to get from thence to her ſtocking, and climbed to her thigh, where, for the firſt time, I bit her moſt ſeverely.

Thus I eſcaped, to live with one who was the very reverſe of the beautiful Louiſa. — But

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I had the happineſs here to meet with the only male of my ſpecies, whom, as a Flea of conſtancy, I ſelected for the partner of my life.—

However, Molly ſtaid not long in her place. She was ſucceeded by my old friend Betty, who having quitted Mrs. Leeſon, got a recommendation to this family.

I had the luck to eſcape from Molly to her, with my partner, by which means I became acquainted with the ſequel of Louiſa's hiſtory. — Her lover having abſolutely refuſed to pay his addreſſes to the widow, pitched upon by his uncle, was pre-

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preparing again to leave his country, and literally to ſeek his fortune; when the indiſpoſition of the latter increaſed ſo much, that he lay at the point of death.—While in this awful ſituation, he cauſed a ſearch to be made for the young gentleman, who being happily found, received his full conſent to be joined in marriage with the moſt amiable of ſex.

The young lovers having paid the laſt of duties to the baronet, were united in the bonds of wedlock; and now, after having overcome all difficulties, they live in the poſſeſſion of every enjoyment that can render ſenſible and deſerving people happy.

THUS,

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THUS, gentle Reader, have I here endeavoured to exhibit a variety of intereſting ſcenes, and brought you acquainted with ſome extraordinary characters. If the matter contained deſerves attention, I truſt you will not quarrel with the vehicle which conveys it.—The author had two objects in view, amuſement and inſtruction; if he has imparted theſe in the degree he could wiſh, whatever may be the opinions of ſome, the principal end will be anſwered, while he has the conſolation of thinking that any body may be the merrier or the wiſer for the peruſal of this performance.

FINIS.

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